

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Like Christmas, Easter comes, supposedly full of memories of a sacred character. As a matter of fact, we think of Christmas mainly in connection with presents and plum puddings, turkeys and family reunions, while in the case of Easter we think of eggs, and spring costumes, and gorgeous bonnets, and the end of Lent, and when at church perhaps of what the day really means. While thoroughly appreciating the grand monumental value of setting apart days to commemorate great events, yet it has never been established that any great religious benefits have been derived from feast and fast days, which so quickly assume a material aspect. Perhaps we would be better off if religion were less aided by forms and anniversaries of important events. The Jews, who have few of these, are most tenacious of their religion, while the Roman Catholic Church, which has most saints' days and festivals, is perhaps less spiritual and more formal in its observances than any other. Protestantism, originally opposed to such performances, coming between the extremes, has lately endeavored to stay the tide of non-reliance upon forms by laying additional and unreasonable stress on what is to be done or left undone during certain days and seasons. The Nonconformists, especially the Covenanters and their successors, the Presbyterians, are most devout, and have really but one sacred day—the Sabbath. The greatest struggles and the most important advances made by any branch of the Christian Church, it must be admitted, were those made when personal piety and devotion proved to the world that there was something behind all these decorative celebrations. It is quite possible that the memory of great events would die out of the minds of the multitude if these days and forms were permitted to fall into desuetude, but it is also possible that greater zeal and increased piety and self-sacrifice would follow if the great truths of religion were kept alive by the devoutness of their believers. We certainly would have less formalism and more spirituality. As it is now, we observe the forms and forget that there is aught else required of us. Religion is becoming a matter of such chilly formalism, such heartless and almost meaningless observances of days, that the possibility is suggested that we may have outlived such means of commemorating those things which should be a part of our existence and the main-spring of our conduct.

I do not presume to preach upon the matter, but merely offer the suggestion that as the world grows older it is quite within the realm of possibility that religious formulas originating when Christianity was cradled amidst people not at all similar in habits, education or sentimentality to those who now accept such things as sacred, might be improved upon or abandoned. What I hold to most fervently is that we have too many forms and too little self-sacrifice, which is real and the outward evidence of inward piety. We are almost pagan in our devotion to saints' days and to commemorative seasons. In observing such periods we only do as the worshippers of idols and false prophets do. That they find such things sufficient to excuse them in excesses during other portions of the year, should be no reason why people with more advanced ideas, greater knowledge and an adherence to the true God, should go on with what is gradually degenerating into mummery which diverts our attention from the main objects of Christ's mission. If we take ourselves aside and ask sincerely what these seasons mean to us, we are likely to find out whether Lent is most used to restore one's digestion and at the same time establish orthodoxy, or whether the period from Ash Wednesday until Easter is really occupied by religious exercises controlled by pious emotions and likely to put one's spirituality in better condition.

I have always held that in ordinary matters newspapers and writers for the press should always stand together and help one another along. There are hard snags for us all, and we should not try to make it harder for one another. Yet there are limits beyond which newspapers cannot expect one to go. The daily papers of this city have been inflicting upon a perhaps too curious public the details of one of the most unsavory libel suits which could be either imagined or described. As to the guilt of those who were publicly accused in the newspaper I do not propose to concern myself; and it is probably the opinion of every right-thinking citizen of Toronto that the paper which published the original item might much better have minded its own business, and thereby made it possible for such an affair to pass out of memory, without ringing the bells and calling everyone's attention to the alleged carryings-on of a couple of people in a hotel. If good were to be done by such a publication, then every dirty scrape would, if given publicity, be missionary work for morality. As a matter of fact, it is rather out of the province of a newspaper to either set its reporters to watch through key-holes and transoms, or to publish the observations of those who feel it their duty to see but not to interfere. If reporters were permitted to make an observatory of every hotel transom or private key-hole; if those who have this itch for enquiring into other people's business were to be given space in the newspapers, a great many unpleasant but startling paragraphs would appear. Indeed, if it were not considered disgraceful to either undertake or en-

courage such espionage, blackmail, which is considered objectionable even by the worst people, would become a fine art and would probably find status as a legitimate pursuit.

As a newspaper writer I certainly would like to put myself on record as one who would not recommend the establishment of a bureau which had for its purpose the examination of key-holes, uncurtained windows and back doors, for I imagine the citizens of Toronto do not find life so dull and uninteresting or the correction of society morals so difficult that this sort of thing, as practiced in a hotel, will either popularize the institution or bring any *kudos* to those who, for the sake of selling a few papers, are willing to disgrace a man, his companion and his wife, a hotel, and everybody who has been engaged in spying and criticizing while the hotel accepted the money of those who have been, or are to be, exposed. Why wait for further degradation after suspicion had aroused espionage, spying and eavesdropping? Why excuse should be sought in having the pub-

lic families. No one, unless they are badly smirched, will be quite as clean after the performance as they were before, but it must be remembered that there are a great many amusements which are not conducive to purity, and SATURDAY NIGHT, without being prudish or pretentious, has often pointed them out.

After having admitted this, which seems to be an indisputable fact, people who read such things and hunt for papers which publish such things, should be slow to denounce theaters, where, at the worst, no suggestions are made such as permeate a nasty divorce trial or a dirty libel suit. The papers are the theaters in which tens of thousands of people read dialogues which, if presented on the stage, would cause the theater to be closed and the actors to be incarcerated. If it is wrong in one instance, then it is wrong in the other; if what appears in the papers is very much dirtier than what appears on the stage, then the papers ought to be punished more severely than the actors on the stage, for the newspaper

as are in any way a part of the warp or woof of our social or political or religious system, can always be discussed impersonally; and it is doubtful if, when any individual is dragged into the light to be castigated for any offence, public sentiment and sympathy are not in favor of the one who is being whipped instead of the heartless hireling who wields the lash. Then again comes in the fact that if publicity in a newspaper is threatened, the opportunity to blackmail is greater than if the "badgers" have no means to use other than personal violence or the courts. It is a bad business publishing such things, and makes a newspaper man—no matter how lax his own code may be—ashamed of his occupation.

In reviewing a biography of Grover Cleveland recently issued, comparing him with other United States Presidents, some of the strongest reviewers are taking the ground that he was not a statesman, inasmuch as he did not succeed in carrying out his two principal lines of policy. He was admittedly headstrong,

at his disposal. This, to be sure, to the political purists, is something worse than heresy; but it is justified by the whole history of modern government: for had Elizabeth and Burleigh and Walsingham been political purists, England in the sixteenth century would have been overwhelmed by the Continental coalitions; had Cavour been a political purist, united Italy would have still remained the unsubstantial dream of a few poor visionaries; had Bismarck been a political purist, the German Empire would have numbered for another century in the cave of Barbarossa. It is, no doubt, a hard saying that in the statesman, purity of motive, integrity of purpose, and the courage of conviction are not enough to confer enduring fame; yet this is emphatically true; and history shows that merely negative results and excellent intentions can give no rank comparable with that which he attains who with wisdom, calmness, and that higher strength which does not bluster, conquers a complete success and leaves a mark upon the record of supreme achievement.

Prospects are that the Jubilee business is likely to be overdone, yet it is hard to tell how much of the money spent by the colonies in sending premiers, troops, and factors which will swell the procession, may affect emigration and influence belief in the greatness of what we may term the suburbs of the empire. The money will be well spent if those who are sent to take part in the great Jubilee are given a prominent position and are able to turn the British eye upon Canada. There is no doubt that Premier Laurier, being the only French Catholic premier of any province under the British flag, will excite a great deal of attention and be the best advertisement that any colony will be able to make at the Jubilee. His distinguished and charming appearance will of itself make him a prominent figure. Our troops, if they are properly selected, will be in size, figure and ability equal to the most conspicuous battalions of the British regulars, but they must be chosen, not on account of favoritism, but in order to excite the admiration of the empire to which we belong.

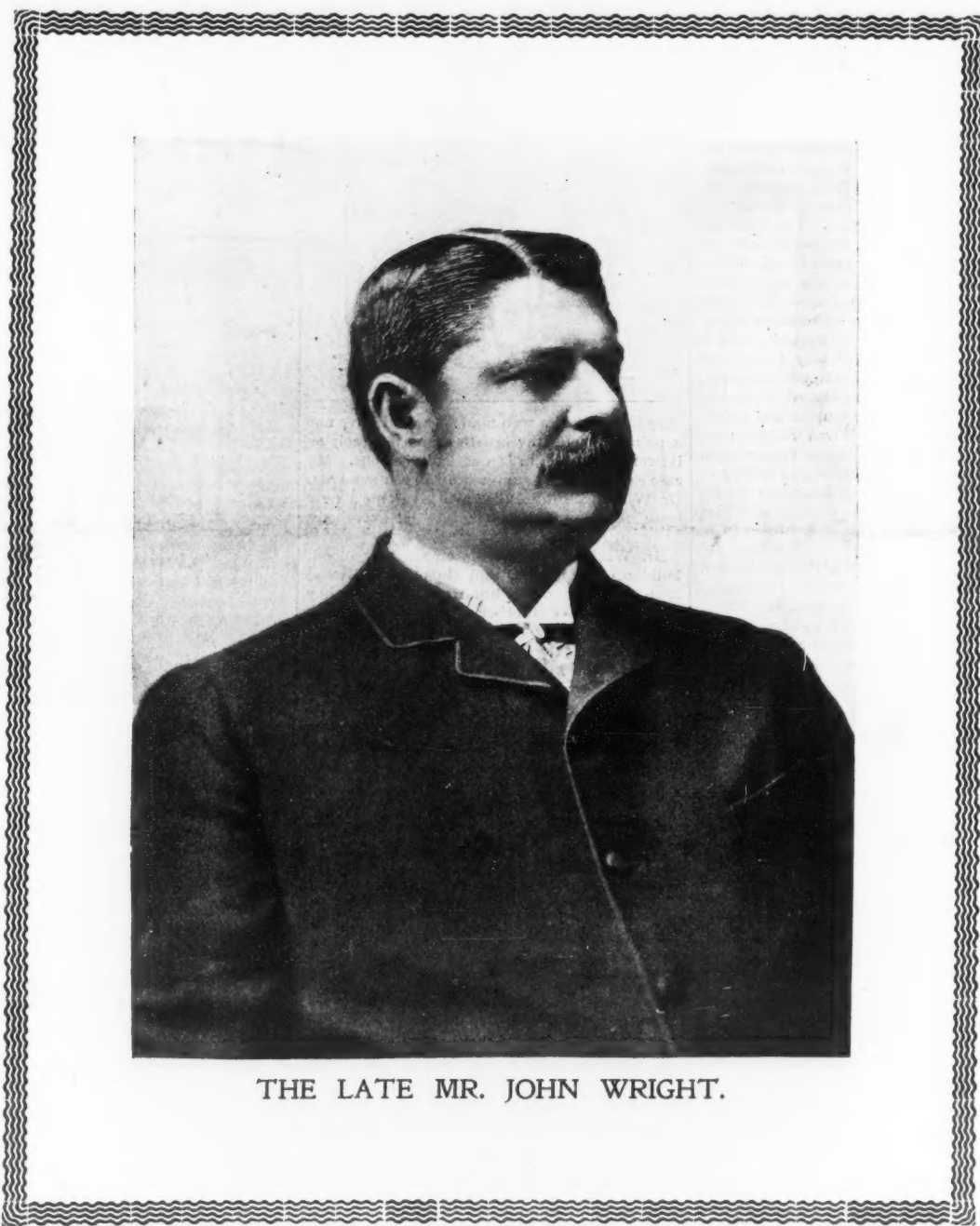
Outside of this, the Jubilee will be used by a great many people as an opportunity to make money, for even loyalty is not despised by those who desire in commercial ways to become prominent. It cannot be said that all of the methods employed will be objectionable, for a great many specialties will be issued which will do much to encourage the feeling aroused by the day. Already we have Jubilee hats manufactured here in Toronto, —with a little flag embroidered on the band—and the people of this country will be glad to wear them and to assist the manufacturers in making them fashionable. But following this will be Jubilee shirts, and Jubilee neckties, and Jubilee clothes, and Jubilee shoes, and one cannot see the end of Jubilee novelties. Of course one cannot make himself or herself a spectacle representing the British flag in all sizes and shapes, but it is marvelous how the heart of such an enormous empire impels the people to do the greatest honor that has ever been done to any human being. For the first time in history the Premiers of the great colonies will meet; for the first time since the Roman legions traversed the then known world, will there be a meeting of all the forces which have built up an empire. And all this is in honor of a woman; not of a Caesar, not to extend the fame of a Tiberius nor to make greater the record of an Alexander. Surely Queen Victoria should feel proud that after reigning for sixty years, in the procession which celebrates the greatest period of power enjoyed by any monarch, from all parts of the world come the greatest men mentally and physically to celebrate the event.

The greatest result which can be hoped from this marvelous concentration of the evidences of the greatness of the British empire, will be that no matter how far away the country is, the same good old-fashioned British impulse, the same extraordinary loyalty to the Crown, will reveal itself, and men from all quarters of the world will look into one another's eyes, grasp hands and exclaim, "We are Britishers."

This is not a pageant which occurs once in a century; it is a grand exhibit which has never occurred before in the lifetime of the sphere upon which we live. It should be such as to make other nations marvel and to lead the world to respect power which is so far-reaching and which has its chief throne in the hearts of the people.

Sir Richard Cartwright has never so much endeared himself to Canadians as in the generous and well chosen words which he used with regard to our contribution to this extraordinary event. It may cost us a good deal of money; there is no virtue in the protection of which does not cost a people great sums. Canada cannot be behindhand. Neither silver, nor gold, nor precious stones, as a gift; neither the erection of great statues nor the dedication of parks, hospitals, societies, nor any manifestation except the presence of those who represent British power in Canada, can properly convey what the Dominion means. We cannot afford to be niggardly, but what we can do, and should do, is to send to London, the metropolis of the world, the best specimens obtainable of our soldiery and public men. By such an evidence of our capacity to assist in the great affairs of the empire we will be partially paying a debt which we have long owed the land which has protected our commerce and been our mainstay in business. Every dollar within reasonable limits will be well expended; every soldier will be an advertisement, and every banner

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THE LATE MR. JOHN WRIGHT.

lication of the story ensured by conveying it to a newspaper, is inconceivable. If the keepers of the hotel knew, or even suspected, that the house was being used for improper purposes, they should have quietly asked the objectionable guests for their rooms, and if asked a reason they could have easily replied that they were trespassing upon the conventionalities which, it is to be assumed, had been or were likely to be outraged.

The question comes in here, how far a newspaper ought to go in publishing either the original item which caused the libel suit, or the salacious details of the trial. It comes under the same heading as prize fights and all the other objectionable information which can be obtained and presented to the public by those who are in the business of getting news. It may be, and appears to be, exactly what a large number of the buyers of newspapers want. Yet those who purchase and read such pictures of alleged impropriety must be aware that they also are guilty of watching through transoms, peering into key-holes and invading privacy which should be the prerogative of the people, even if they do not conduct themselves as conventionalities say they should. Those who follow the details of such trials and are delighted to wade knee-deep in the current of suggestiveness and tainting material, no doubt have a perfect right to do so, and to take it home and read it aloud to

has an audience ten or twenty times as great as can be gathered into a theater.

It is in no spirit of prudishness that the suggestion is offered that newspaper spies ought to keep out of the neighborhood of people's bedrooms and back doors, and should refuse to listen to the talk of those who live below stairs. In Great Britain, it will be remembered, the witnesses in divorce suits are nearly always servants and people who have no idea of the niceties which will often deter even an honorable man from telling what he knows in the witness box if a woman is to be made the victim. Certainly no newspaper can be congratulated which makes itself the vehicle for the destruction of private character, or for the dissemination of all the nastiness which has been conceived and conveyed by people who are always uncharitable enough to think evil and to recite to any listener a tale which is even worse than their knowledge of the facts could possibly be. While people may do wrong, and no doubt very often do commit offences which even those who allow the greatest latitude to their fellow citizens would not permit to pass without social condemnation, yet the newspaper has not yet been elevated or, it is to be hoped, degenerated to the point of being the medium for making this sort of thing public or sitting in judgment upon those who have sinned. Such public matters

tactless and unable to conciliate, though no one denies that he was sensible, honest and of great force. The following extract, which expresses my views of what the head of a government must be in addition to being honest, able and patriotic, seems to apply thoroughly well to the policy which Mr. Laurier is exemplifying in Canada. Without doubt Mr. Peck—the writer of the appended extract from a long article—is correct, and if he is correct we have a right to consider that our Premier is a statesman and, like President Lincoln, knows how to make friends and to bring about desirable results even in trying times, when extraneous influences present almost insuperable obstacles.

Hence, the American President is not placed in office primarily to illustrate the higher ethical virtues, but to do things; so that his success or his failure depends almost entirely upon the manner in which these objects are accomplished. And in the discharge of the task, the true statesman will adapt his methods to the attainment of his ends, having a due regard to proportion, not exalting petty measures into the place of vital issues, nor enshrining whims and glorifying ephemeral fads, but keeping the greater purpose steadily in view. . . . And in doing this he must work with such instruments as he has at hand and use to the full the powers that have been committed to his care. In the face of a great national emergency, he will not ultimately suffer in the estimation of the people if he even decline to look too closely at abstract theories of duty, or if he be not overnice in his use of the means

Views From the Strangers Gallery.

NEXT to the striking-looking personage who in immaculate shirt front and claw-hammer coat guards the main entrance to the Ontario Legislative Chamber and incidentally looks after the frolicsome pages, and who is noted for the exquisite grace with which he draws a champagne cork at a Speaker's dinner, the most distinguished individual in the House is he who sits in solemn silence upon the Speaker's throne.

The Hon. Francis Eugene Alfred Evanturel, member for Prescott, is a short, barrel-shaped, swarthy-complexioned gentleman, who owes his present exalted position to the accidents that made him a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic. The Speakership in the past has been looked upon as honor enough in itself, and only in the case of the late Mr. Balfour had it ever been made a stepping-stone to greater bliss. It has long been known that the summit of Mr. Evanturel's ambition was the possession of a portfolio, but in all probability he will have to rest contented with the lesser honor. Unlike his immediate predecessor, the office has few terrors for Mr. Evanturel. To one of Mr. Balfour's highly-strung, nervous temperament it was a constant effort to repress the desire to take a hand in the fight whenever the Government was under fire. Upon the present occupant of the chair, however, the strains and worries of Parliamentary life rest lightly. That men should storm and rage and even at times lose their tempers over such things as affairs of state is incomprehensible to him. The worries of his life are of infinitely greater consequence. He is the owner of a monocle—one of the restless, unmanageable kind that refuses subordination even to a distinguished M. P. P. This monocle is not only an important feature in Mr. Evanturel's personal appearance, but it is also a conspicuous element in his oratory. Although ranking among the few good speakers in the House, he but seldom takes part in debate. Unless some extraordinary occasion demands it he contents himself with but one speech during each Parliament, usually during the session immediately preceding a dissolution. At appropriate times in the course of a speech when soaring far aloft, by a lifting of the eyebrows he lets fall his glass as though to clinch a climax, and then during his calmer passages he leisurely returns it to its wonted resting-place.

It is the first time in the history of the Province that a monocle has formed one of the distinguishing features of a Speaker's attire, and it is something of a shock to the conventional sensibilities of many people to find so frivolous an article in so dignified a position. But as the present British Cabinet and also the late Canadian Administration offer precedents, one cannot reasonably complain.

The present session of the Legislature is remarkable because of the fact that for the first time in nearly 25 years Sir Oliver Mowat is not on hand to lead the Government forces. The Opposition also is marshalled under a new leader, although since Mr. Meredith's retirement Mr. Whitney has been the actual though not always the recognized chief of the Provincial Conservatives. The name of Sir Oliver Mowat has been so potent a factor in provincial politics for many years that it is a matter of some speculation whether Mr. Hardy, with his aggressive manner and dominating power, will succeed in retaining the regard of the electorate in anything like the same degree. The opportunity of his life, however, is now in his hands, as his opponents under an unknown leader are far less formidable than the party which the Government has met and vanquished so often in the past.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the change in the Government leadership is the contrast in the personalities of Sir Oliver and Hon. Mr. Hardy. The former, gentle and bland, with a smiling exterior and a general appearance that suggested benevolence and confidence—the iron hand beneath the velvet glove; the latter bold, aggressive, Hon. A. S. Hardy, arrogant—the iron hand ungloved. Carlyle, in speaking of the late Liberal leader in England, said:

As for that Gladstone, what a conscience he has! He bows down to it and obeys it as if it were the very voice of God Himself. But, eh, sir! He has the most marvellous faculty in the world for making that conscience say exactly what he wants.

Sir Oliver Mowat's conscience seemed to be constructed much on the same model. Mr. Hardy, on the other hand, is seldom credited by the world with the possession of any such troublesome commodity. The time was when his caustic retorts were hurled across the House on every possible opportunity. In later years, however, when the leadership seemed imminent, these have become less frequent. Mr. Hardy's style of oratory is distinctive. The nature of the man is exemplified in his speech. Patience is not one of his notable virtues. He seldom minces matters. His has been called "arrogant" eloquence, and no other word seems to characterize it so well. In his nature no less than in his personal appearance he bears a striking resemblance to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Sir Richard Cartwright. He has the ready tongue and the limitless Anglo-Saxon of the Canadian knight. He is essentially a masterful man, intolerant of opposition, impatient, and of violent and almost unreasonable temper. Thus far he has always been in the winning side; one wonders how he would be in Opposition.

It would be curious to speculate as to Mr. Hardy's probable standing had he been placed in different circumstances. Born to a business career he undoubtedly would have been a speculator. The hum-drum details of ordinary business life would be as distasteful to him as those of the solicitor's office. One can almost imagine him mingling in the surging, tumultuous life of the stock exchange and hazardous fortunes on a single deal. What a poker game he could have played! His attitude towards a

large body of temperance people on a recent occasion reveals the man. Public opinion is almost as uncertain as the turning of the trumps; yet with what seems needless recklessness he ventured his political life upon this single question. Mr. Hardy is the Randolph Churchill of Ontario politics. The latter once said:

I have tried all forms of excitement from tip-cat to tiger shooting; all degrees of gambling from beggar-my-neighbor to Monte Carlo; but have found no gambling like politics and no excitement like a big division.

It is the excitement of the life that appeals to Mr. Hardy; the game of the "ins" and the "outs," the winners and the losers. He has infinite confidence in himself, believing with George Eliot that the fault is in ourselves and not in our stars if we are underlings.

The present Administration is of the Siamese Twin variety, the leader and the second in command being connected by something more than mere common interests. Of this hyphenated combination, "The Hardy-Ross" Government, these two half is no less notable than the first. In personal appearance Mr. Hardy is the leader wherever he may be found. In the street people turn to look after him and ask who he is. His manner, his voice, his walk, the poise of his head, the way he holds his glasses, all bespeak, not only one who leads, but one who dominates. Hon. Mr. Ross, on the other hand, has nothing of the leader or statesman about his appearance. He might easily be mistaken for a Scotch Presbyterian preacher of the Old Kirk type. He is small in stature, poor in body and crippled with rheumatism. "Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look." He has not a single feature that the caricaturist can catch—a fatal lacking in these days in a public man. When he appears upon a platform a wave of disappointment passes over those who have not previously heard him, but when he speaks one forgets his appearance—which, by the way, is really prepossessing, though not imposing—and sees only the statesman and orator. Then it is that the mind triumphs over the body. The pains in his limbs are at times so fierce that he must shout in order to overcome them. He is one of the great orators of the Dominion—yes, of America—yet he lacks in every essential but one those elements which go to make a great orator, and that one alone is the element that gives to oratory its generic name. He is entirely lacking in personal magnetism, that indefinite yet almost necessary quality for winning success upon the public platform; his voice is harsh and rasping; his gestures are awkward; his appearance unimposing; yet because of the grace and beauty of his diction and his wealth of language he has won for himself a reputation as an orator that many possessing all the other qualities have failed to achieve.

People often wonder that with his physical infirmities Mr. Ross should desire to remain in public life. It is not the excitement of political warfare so much that appeals to him, though he glories in a contest, but rather is it that he loves "the fierce light that beats upon public men." The applause of the multitude is the very breath of life to him. He could not contain himself in private life. Those inward fires which have made him the great debater cannot easily be suppressed. To have a place in the government of one's country and be a means of directing its affairs and of moulding public opinion seems the summit of human ambition, and in Hon. G. W. Ross the people of Ontario have a man of rare ability, a type of man that is needed in the public life of this young country.

MAX MACARTHY.
Toronto, April, '97.

Boarding-house Geometry.

N. Y. Truth.
DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS.
All boarding-houses are the same boarding-house.

Boarders in the same boarding-house and on the same flat are equal to one another.
A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding-house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong and angular figure, which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other that meet together but are not on the same flat.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.
A pie may be produced any number of times. The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A bee line may be made from any boarding-house to any other boarding-house.

The clothes of a boarding-house bed, though produced ever so far both ways, will not meet. Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than two square meals.

If from the opposite ends of a boarding-house a line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn, then the stovepipe which warms the boarders will lie within that line.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

If there be two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

For if not, let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been—which is absurd. STEPHEN LEACOCK.

Simonsbee—I have a chance to marry two girls: one is pretty, but a mere butterfly, as it were, and the other, though plain, is an excellent housekeeper. Mr. Russell of Chicago—Take the pretty one first.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Was Slowly Dying.

The Result of an Attack of La Grippe and Pneumonia.

The Strange Case of Mr. James Owen of Johnville—Doctors Told Him His Lungs Were Affected and He Could Not Recover—Now in Good Health.
From the Sherbrooke Gazette.

When a man faces what medical authorities tell him is certain death, and regains health and strength, he is naturally grateful to the medicine that has restored him. Such a man is Mr. James Owen, one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of Johnville, Que. Mr. Owen tells his story of shattered health and renewed strength as follows: On the 17th of December, 1894, I was attacked with la grippe. A week later the trouble developed into pneumonia in its worst form, and I did not leave my bed until the 1st of March, 1895, and then I was so weak that I was unable to walk alone. All winter my life hung in the balance. Summer came, and I was still weak and feeble, though with the warm weather I gained a little strength. I had, however, but very little power in my legs, and I could not ride a mile in a buggy owing to the pain they caused me. My lungs also troubled me and I raised a great deal of matter. I then consulted the best doctor we have in this section of the province. He told me candidly that I was past medical help. He said that my left lung was in a state of collapse and that my right lung was also affected. This was in July, 1895. For the next three months every day seemed to draw me nearer and nearer the end. I was so pressed for breath at times that I could not walk any distance without stopping to regain it. In the month of November I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was certainly a forlorn hope and I admit I did not expect much benefit from them, but took them rather to please a friend who urged me to do so. I believe I was surprised when I found they were helping me, for I thought I was beyond the aid of medicine, but help me they did, and I gladly continued their use. The result is



they have made a well man of me. I have not a pain about me, my breath comes as freely as it ever did, and I am strong and vigorous. My case can be briefly summed up in a few words. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given me a new lease of life and I am glad to let everybody know it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

The Bicycle Industry.

It is surprising to note with what rapidity the bicycle industry has of late years developed in Canada. The leading manufacturers in the Dominion seem to have awakened to the fact that the bicycle has created a demand which will not only bring them a fair return for their energy, but provide occupations for large numbers of the mechanics and citizens of our country.

On all sides one hears many arguments adduced why bicycles should be manufactured and sold at ridiculously low prices; but a visit to a factory such as the Massey-Harris Company would at once convince these reasoners of the unreasonableness of their remarks.

It is marvelous to observe the precision and accuracy with which each part is constructed. A wheel that is to travel many thousands of miles over all kinds of roads and in all sorts of weather cannot be constructed and adjusted by a tyro in the business. Men of experience and ability have to be employed for this purpose, and this class of labor is expensive. The cost of the necessary machines for the perfect and uniform construction of parts runs away up into the thousands, and this calls for the locking up of an immense outlay of capital.

Considering the dimensions of a bicycle, one can hardly conceive the many hands and processes through which it has to pass ere a perfected model like the Massey-Harris '97 machine is finished. The popularity of this bicycle is increasing every day, and seems to have taken a strong hold in the hearts of the cyclists of Toronto of both sexes.

P. C. Larkin, the proprietor of the "Salada" Tea Co., has left on a trip to Boston, where he proposes opening a branch. They have already branches in Montreal, Buffalo, Pittsburg and Scranton.

Soxey—I didn't do a thing but throw the harpoon into him. Knoxey—And then he blubbered, I suppose.—*Pittsburg News*.

OUR LEADER...

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Wall Paper Bargain Time

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The Gendron

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It is distinctly unique in its style of construction. It embodies several features which cannot be found in any other bicycles.

The Gendron patent silver finish is guaranteed to outwear several coats of the best enamel. It will not rust or scratch.

It has the easiest running 3-point bearings, which were so plainly proven to be superior to the 4-point bearing in a coasting contest in which the GENDRON outclassed over 300 bicycles, among which the 4-point bearing bicycles were conspicuous at the rear end of the procession.

Before buying your '97 mounts we invite you to examine the Gendron Silver Beauties. Samples can be seen at

1384 1-2 QUEEN STREET WEST

320 QUEEN STREET EAST

472 QUEEN STREET EAST

242 YONGE STREET

or at Head Office and Factory—

COR. DUCHESS and ONTARIO STREETS

GENDRON MFG. CO., Ltd.

TORONTO, Ont.

Ball Bearing Bicycle Shoes

We have these shoes and will be delighted to show them to you. The prices are just as attractive as the shoes.

Boys's Sizes—1 to 5

Canvas with leather trimmings

90 Cents

Men's Sizes

Some in canvas with leather trimmings, others in leather with Mercury soles and Goodyear welts.

Prices \$1, 1.35, 1.50 and 2.50

W. L. WALLACE

110 YONGE STREET



THE BARNUMS OF BUSINESS.

The Departmental Stores are Making Heroic Efforts to Hold Their Trade Against the Wave of Adverse Sentiment that is Beating Against Them—They are Playing their old Tricks However.

THOSE who think that nothing can be done in regard to departmental stores are rapidly diminishing. Thousands still frequent those stores, yet I challenge any regular departmental store shopper to deny that there is a very marked falling away in the crowds that crush and scramble in such places on those days which with brazen audacity are still called "bargain days." The attendance at these mercantile circuses is appreciably diminishing, and trade is beginning to look this way and that, and no longer blindly follows certain lines as it had begun to do. This fact is being commented upon every day, even by the women who still shop in those stores.

Determined not to lose ground, the departmental stores are spending enormous sums of money in advertising and in sending catalogues to every town and village in the country. They get voters' lists and directories, lists of the doctors, lawyers and clergymen of the province, and send out catalogues and letters (which are considered very smooth from the point of view of American advertising experts) to all those who may be thought to have no connection with the mercantile trade in the outside towns.

The zeal with which catalogues are being distributed at present shows the anxiety which fills the breasts of the men who conduct these institutions. They are very greatly disturbed by the wave of sentiment that is spreading over the country from one end to the other. They will be more deeply disturbed now that their business—not only that part of it which is visible here in Toronto, but their mail order trade with thoughtless people in outside towns—begins to decrease. Not only are the crowds that flock to these stores rapidly diminishing, but from all directions comes news that people who used to buy nearly everything by mail are now dealing in their own towns and intend to do so hereafter.

As I said last week, a departmental store cannot gain or retain a monopoly of the retail trade if two or more newspapers are dedicated to the duty of exposing the tricks by which it deludes and deceives the purchasing public, the tactics by which it bullies the manufacturing classes, and the malevolence with which it depresses the earning powers of laboring men. The departmental store can only succeed while the newspapers maintain a friendly silence. When newspapers refuse to any longer accept a share of the plunder the "game is up." But if the press waits too long—if it waits until the monopolies can walk alone or until they start daily papers of their own—the fate of the press may not be pleasant in the hands of a public realizing at last that it was sold out by the newspapers at "so much per line."

The *Evening Star* has joined SATURDAY NIGHT in this crusade. It would be interesting to know how such influential papers as the *Globe*, the *Mail* and *Empire* and the *Telegram* can justify their course in advertising "bargains" such as we have mentioned and shall continue to mention in these columns. Of the *World* and the *News* one expects nothing. Guided by an infallible perverse instinct the *News*, after every sensational spurge squares itself by an editorial urging the sanctity of God's holy day; while in the same case the *World*, still panting from some excess, gives a discursive editorial showing that its mind is as open as its hand.

The case mentioned last week of garden seeds purchased from the Steele, Briggs Seed Company, (Ltd.), and seeds purchased at a departmental store, showed up the whole scheme of departmental stores. Seeds were advertised as a great bargain, and seemed to be so in the eyes of careless or ignorant people, yet, in that very thing boomed as a bargain, we showed last week that the departmental store was charging more than double the regular price of such seeds as sold in any legitimate store in Toronto or throughout the province. Let anyone who bought seeds before the last issue of our paper appeared, compare their purchase with seeds bought from reliable local dealers and they will find that they paid double the regular price. And when you verify our statements in this matter remember that this exorbitant charge was made upon a thing that was loudly boomed as a bargain. There are many tricks beside this seed trick, nor was the seed trick confined to one of the departmental stores. Here is a letter received by us before our last week's paper was printed, but too late to appear in that issue. This refers to a different store from the one referred to last week:

A lady of my acquaintance was down town shopping, and seeing six packages of seeds marked up for 10c. in one of the large departmental stores, thought she was getting a great bargain, and bought six packages and brought them home. In the evening a gentleman called in and, seeing the seeds which the lady showed him as such a great bargain, suggested that she should send across the road to the grocery store opposite and buy a 3c. package, which she did, and on opening the contents of the package from the grocer's it was found that there were more seeds than in all of the six packages purchased from the departmental store put together. In other words, the lady paid 10c. for seeds in a departmental store that she could have purchased across the road at her grocer's for 3c., not counting car fare.

The *Evening Star* on Saturday exposed another case. A customer went to a departmental store to get a "bargain in wool." There had been advertised "4 oz. Berlin wool for 10c." He took the purchase away and had it subjected to official analysis. Each skein of Berlin wool is supposed to weigh an ounce. Sixteen of them make a pound. The purchaser got 4 skeins, but they weighed scarcely 3 oz. instead of 4 oz. That is, sixteen of them would only weigh 12 oz. instead of 16 oz. Here is another bargain exposed. It is just like the seeds. The bargain is explained by the shortness of the weight.

The *Star* also mentions another bargain at the same store—3 spools of sewing silk, size E, for 5c. This is a cheap grade of sewing silk and usually sells 3 spools for 9c. The customer

bought three and had them measured, and instead of containing fifty yards of silk they contained only thirty. They were twenty yards short. The three spools instead of containing one hundred and fifty yards contained only ninety yards. That is, leaving out the wool and speaking of fifty yards as making one spool, they only sold 14-5 spools instead of three, as advertised. Nor is that all; the sewing silk on being tested was found to be inferior. Size E sewing silk is required to stand a breaking strain of 14 pounds. This, when tested, snapped at a breaking strain of 3 3/4 pounds. The customer, then, got no bargain at all, but actually paid far too much for that sewing silk, according to the prices in other stores where circus and lottery tricks are not employed. Remember now that this, like the seeds and the Berlin wool, is in regard to one of the very things that was boomed to draw custom. One would think that the departmental stores could afford to give the paltry bargains advertised by them without resorting to short measure and short weight in regard to those particular items, considering the abundant



MONOPOLIZED.

From The Ram's Horn.

opportunities they have of getting even. It only shows the audacity with which a scheme is pursued once it has been successfully worked without being exposed.

Probably the reason why even "bargains" are made to pay two or three profits—perhaps the reason why good bait is no longer used, is partly because the public will now bite at anything, and partly because a great many city people, having discovered that average prices in departmental stores are as high if not higher than in other stores, began to systematically buy up the bargains without spending another cent there for fear of getting the worst of it. This trick of gobbling up the bait without getting caught on the hook didn't suit the fisherman, and so now even the bait is doctored. It is no longer safe to buy even those things that seem to be sold cheap to draw people to such stores. The only thing to do is to make it a point of honor never to enter such a store.

There is a cheap broom that is offered for 10c. by grocers in all parts of the city. Very few of them are sold. A woman after trying one will seldom buy another. The departmental stores boom that broom at 5c. They lose nearly 3c. on each one they sell, or 35c. on every dozen, but they sell very few of them. Yet they boom them and women come to see them, but decide that while they are marvelous bargains at the price they are not quite good enough, and so they buy something a little better. And this is where the store gets in its fine work. The broom that is sold all over the city for 25c. is sold there for 30c., and the 15c. broom for 20c., so that while the departmental store offers to lose 35c. a dozen on brooms that no one buys, it makes 50c. a dozen more than grocery-store prices on the brooms that are used in every house in the city and province. This is how the game is played.

Here is an extract from one of the hundreds of letters which have reached us:

I remember when the first big store was started, my indignation at the oppressor was so great that I felt like heading a boycotting procession, but there were no kindred spirits. I spoke to a Methodist preacher some months after this and other stores had begun to make themselves felt, and his answer was: "My dear friend, they have come to stay." I ironically answered: "So has sin."

HUMANUS.

Another correspondent, a Toronto merchant, writes:

I read with a great deal of interest your article on the crochet silk spool. A lady came into my store to match the silk on one of those overgrown wooden cores and told me there was just one skein of silk on the spool; value of one skein silk four cents, leaving one cent for the piece of wood.

Letters have reached us from New York, Buffalo, London, Halifax and other places pointing out that Seigel, Cooper & Co., of New York, do advertise in the daily papers. In one of my first articles I made the statement that that firm had thrown down the daily press. I had secured my information in a letter from New York some time before using it, and have since learned that Seigel, Cooper & Co. merely repelled the daily press of New York long enough to get a special rate such as had never been granted to merchants before. Then they began to advertise, but on their own terms—a trick played on the newspapers everywhere. My Halifax correspondent also says that while Seigel, Cooper & Co. advertised to sell the very best bicycles for almost nothing, they did not do it. He says:

Two of my friends, with hundreds of others, waited outside for an hour for more, and when

the doors were opened all made a mad rush for the bicycle department, and although my friend, a big sea captain, was the first on deck, he swears there was not a wheel sold at the advertised price.

This is the familiar trick of greeting bargain hunters with the smiling explanation: "Oh, we only had seven dozen of them and they are already sold this morning. First come first served, you know—no favoritism."

The *Flesherton Advance* says: Never were the mails used so freely by departmental stores as during the past week for the transmission of advertising circulars, huge bundles of which have been dumped into this post office, each prepaid by a three-cent stamp, and no less than three of them recline gracefully in our waste basket. Where do the profits come from on this huge outlay?

A subscriber in Manitoba having missed two of the papers discussing the departmental store question, wrote for them, and added:

I would not miss an issue of SATURDAY NIGHT for fifty cents a copy. I appreciate what I read in it. I am helped by it, and murders and such tales do not get prominence in SATURDAY NIGHT.

W. H. REED.

A prominent citizen of Kingsville writes enclosing the petition to the Postmaster-General signed by a long list of names, and we quote from the letter, as it puts in a few words the opinions expressed by scores of other letters from towns throughout Canada:

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find petition signed by nearly all the prominent men of this place. If you are in this movement to stay (and not like the *Toronto World*) you will I am sure have the support of all the business men in every town in Ontario.

young merchant was fined 300 mark, owing to the fact that he advertised a "selling off" whereas in reality he just took the business over from its previous owner.

Magistrates Court in Muhlberg—a merchant fined yesterday 100 mark, for advertising that having bought "for cash" a great quantity of dry goods, he now offers bargains at such low prices, etc. Proved that no goods were bought for cash and prices not lower.

Hamburg.—The following judicial decision, in accordance with statute against all swindling and humbugging advertisements has now been recorded: A firm advertised "selling off" on account of great alterations to be made on the premises. Proved that the said "great alterations" consists in the intention that in about a year's time the firm will discontinue keeping goods in show cases, but place them on open tables. Advertisement declared a deception and stopped.

From the Dukedom of Oldenburg and the Board of Trade in Hanover petitions were presented to the Reichstag, asking it to do its utmost to enforce all laws and regulations now enacted against the barefaced swindling of the modern advertising and deception amounting to downright swindling.

The petition to the Postmaster-General asking that the postal regulations which have up to the present time conferred so many favors upon departmental stores and made possible so many evasions of the law's intentions, should be amended and the postal service altered to suit the conditions of trade that now exist, has been largely signed in all parts of Ontario, and people in other provinces have taken it up. Those who have not yet sent in their petitions to this office will kindly do so, as the various lists are now being arranged for presentation to Hon. Mr. Mulock at Ottawa.

Conscious that the privileges now enjoyed cannot be continued once the Postal Department investigates the use and abuse of the mails by departmental stores, these institutions are at present flooding the country with catalogues in a way they never did before. They wish to get ahead of the new regulations, and to hold their imperiled trade. I am told that one store recently shipped 110 tons of catalogues, and while I have not verified the statement, we have the authority of a newspaper friendly to those institutions for saying that one store bought 70,000 three-cent stamps at one time for the sending of catalogues.

It may not be out of place to enquire whether it is true, as currently stated in the street, that that departmental store in buying those stamps had them canceled in sheets and rolls, so that the catalogues on which they were placed did not require to be separately handled. If this was done, what representative of the Postal Service is in a position to vouch that those 70,000 stamps were on parcels sufficiently prepaid? Is the reputation of a departmental store so good that it can be trusted where smaller firms are not?

If those stamps were canceled when sold, is it true, as reported, that the purchaser demanded and secured a dealer's commission on them? It seems logically impossible that both these rumors can be true. If it is permissible to cancel stamps that are about to be used at the postoffice for specific purposes, it cannot also be held that those stamps are subject to commission as being sold for retailing to the public.

If it is neither true that the stamps were canceled in sheets, nor sold at agents' rates, the rumor should be contradicted, because the concessions really made to these audacious grabbers are arousing much indignation.

MACK.

"I don't like the way her hat is trimmed," said the woman at the theater. "No," replied her husband, who was immediately behind the headwear. "It was a great mistake not to trim it carefully across the top with a pair of scissors."—*Washington Star*.



Household Linen Outfits

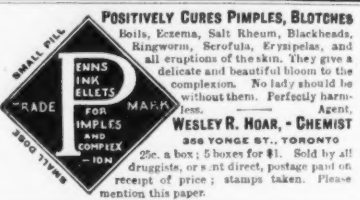
We are specially prepared to attend to Household Napery Outfits, also for Colleges, Hotels, Schools, Clubs, &c. All needlework in connection with such we can accomplish in very best style on shortest notice. Monograms, Crests and Initials woven, embroidered or indelibly inked.

Our Table Damasks and Bed Linens are of the highest standard of excellence, such as "The Shamrock" make, which has enjoyed the reputation of being "best" for one hundred years.

Our prices are the lowest marked on such goods in the Dominion.

John Catto & Son

King Street, Toronto



Jeffrey's Liquid Rennet

Made from the fresh rennet of the calf. Yields with milk a delicious dessert. The lightest and most grateful diet for invalids and children. This preparation produces a firmer and smoother junket and less whey than any wine of rennet, essence of rennet or similar preparation on the market. Prepared by

ANDREW JEFFREY

Cor. Yonge and Carlton Streets

SURE CURE FOR Indigestion or Dyspepsia

Price 50c.

J. R. LEE, Chemist and Druggist, Cor. Queen and Seaton Streets and 407 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

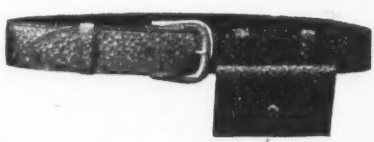
Rapid Business Hand-Writing...

Is a most important qualification for a young man. Good writers can always command paying positions. The best teachers of writing in Canada are at the

British American Business College

Confederation Life Building, Toronto
EDW. THROUT, Pres. D. HOSKINS, Sec.

Ladies' Leather Belts



Belts and Buckles

are growing in richness as the season advances. Our assortment of Belts is the largest and most complete shown this season.

The JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

105 King Street West, Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE LEATHER GOODS

Dancing

DEPARTMENT and PHYSICAL CULTURE

Under the patronage of Their Excellencies the Gov.-General of Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen.

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, Room A, First Floor, West Entrance

GYMNASTICS—No Dancing

A. ROY MACDONALD, JR.

Will be Here a Few More Weeks

Those desiring to take lessons should secure admission cards and see the good work and progress made by the pupils. Come early.

A. Roy Macdonald, Jr.

Graduate of Royal Schools of Ballet of Italy, Spain, France.



American Rattan Co., Toronto

EXCLUSIVE CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS

Toronto Salesroom, 177 Yonge Street

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

that they carry should bear the name of "CANADA." Don.

It is announced that Miss Scarlet has been dismissed from the staff of teachers in the public schools of Midland because she persisted in using ideas of her own in the teaching of children, and refused to abandon her own methods to adopt those recommended by the School Inspector. Miss Scarlet's solicitors are now threatening the Midland School Board with an action to recover salary due on the unexpired portion of her term of engagement. Whether she is entitled to the disputed salary, and whether her dismissal was in the interest of the cause of true education, one cannot at this distance hazard an opinion. Yet what are we to suppose from this case as scantly outlined in a newspaper paragraph? A complete explanation might put a very different face on it, but it looks as if Miss Scarlet had been dismissed because she had ideas of her own as to the best method of conveying intelligence to the minds of those particular children under her charge. It is not likely that she taught the children that the earth was flat like a pancake and that those who traveled very far might fall off the edge. Nor is it likely that she taught them that "twice eleven makes twenty-seven." On these and all similar points she was no doubt quite in agreement with Inspector McKee, who dismissed her. But they disagreed as to the best method of conveying information to the children in a certain school-room.

The country inspector who rides about visiting the schools dotted at intervals over a wide area, visits each school about twice a year, and each visit lasts about half a day. The experienced schoolteacher, knowing that the Inspector is a bit of a Mogul, caters to his prejudices, which are often very well known. The inexperienced teacher, and the sincere one who takes the Inspector in all earnestness, often puts his or her foot in it. I fancy that some very humorous stories could be told of the way "Inspectors have been prepared for" in country schools—how blackboards have been rubbed and scrubbed and very elaborate sums in vulgar fractions, and very nice old-fashioned exercises, written up neatly in chalk. I have been told, too, that public school inspectors are deceived by the tacit agreement of all the teachers within their territories—each teacher quietly listening while his inspector expounds some worn-out method of imparting instruction to pupils, and then, the moment he disappears over the brow of the nearest hill, resuming teaching on more modern and approved lines. The old-style school inspector to whom this particularly refers, has been replaced nearly everywhere by men who are more up to date and whose views are entitled to deference. Yet it seems absurd, however learned an inspector may be, that he should expect all kinds of teachers in imparting instruction to all kinds of pupils, to follow any hard and fast set of rules. No two children look alike and no two are alike. One child has a passion for music, another delights in colors, another has a genius for mechanics, and so the doors that admit light into the intellects of children are variously situated and never quite in the same place in any two. Yet your school inspector would take a chisel and pound knowledge into them all on a given spot in the center of the forehead. Teachers are not all alike, yet each is given a chisel in his left hand and a mallet in the right hand, and ordered to drill knowledge into the skulls that are placed in a row before him. If he even suggests that he is left-handed he gets a bad mark for insubordination. The only thing he can do is to wait until the Inspector has gone, and then begin his task in the way natural to him. There is none of this in universities. Professors are allowed to have "ideas," and the greatest teachers the world has ever seen have been made great by their "ideas" rather than by their fidelity to cut and dried methods.

As I have said, I am not aware of Miss Scarlet's ideas and am not therefore defending her, but schoolteachers with ideas are not to be lightly expelled from the profession. Our present system of education owes a great deal to those who rebelled against hard and fast rules. While on the subject I recall that a few weeks ago the Toronto School Board considered a report from the Inspector's department in which certain teachers had marked against them the word "poor." No teacher was condemned as "very poor" this year, although that classification exists. Now, under the existing arrangement, can any teacher be "poor"? They all have proper certificates; they have all to conform to certain machine-like rules in handling the classes entrusted to them—their individualities are not allowed to count for much. It would seem that those who are of the most pliable characters and can best do as they are bidden, are the most successful. In the business world the practice is for every man to pursue his own methods so long as they are fairly honest. Results count. It is not, however, fair to judge a teacher by results when he has had other people's methods imposed upon him.

I see by an Ottawa despatch that J. J. Kelso and several "other ladies" waited on the Government to urge that the "age of consent" be increased from sixteen to eighteen years in regard to females, while the exemption age of the male seducer be reduced from twenty-one to eighteen years. This is not a nice subject for discussion, but some people seem to enjoy organizing themselves into deputations for the purpose of keeping the Charlton Act warm, and therefore the newspapers are forced to refer to it. The changes asked for in the present instance will be described by the newspapers as preposterous, and editors and reporters could give more valuable information upon the point than those who arrogate the right to pester the Government with advice every year on this uninteresting subject. The next thing we may expect is that a deputation of morality-menders will ask for a change of the criminal code, providing that in the case of an illegitimate birth the father shall be hanged and the mother granted a yearly pension for life.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Dr. Winnett and Miss Edith Morison took place at half-past two on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents in Jarvis street, before a very smart circle of relatives and friends. The Italian orchestra heralded the approach of the bridal party by a wedding march, and the pretty bride descended the broad stair leaning on her father's arm and followed by three bridesmaids, Miss Smart, Miss Winnett and Miss Mary Morison, her younger sister. She was a dainty little duchess indeed, in a gown of cream white duchess satin and chiffon, with shoulder frills of satin and pleated chiffon and a transverse band of silver and pearl passementerie from shoulder to girdle on the front of the bodice. Soft chiffon frills and rare lace were at the collar, and a charming coiffure and diadem of tiny white flowers were partly shrouded in a voluminous tulle veil. The bridal bouquet was the loveliest imaginable combination of double violets and lilies-of-the-valley, and of immense size. The maids wore white *mousseline de soie* over rose-pink silk, and carried brilliant posies of red geraniums. The ushers drew lines of white ribbon from the stair-foot to the drawing-room, in which the ceremony took place and where Mr. Neil of Bloor street church soon tied two lives in one. Mr. Begg was best man. Then the guests, who crowded corridor, drawing-room and stairs, were received by the bridal party, and congratulations earnest and deep were showered upon the popular medico and his dear little bride. Three generations, each one prettier than her follower, stood side by side. Grandmamma Lounsbrough, silver-haired and with her fine, delicate features wreathed in happy smiles; her daughter, Mrs. Morison, elegantly gowned in petunia brocade fitting her almost girlish figure to perfection, and her daughter, Mrs. Winnett, the latest, a picture of a happy little bride. Mrs. Tubby, aunt of the bride, wore a charming combination gown of Quaker gray and turquoise, and a bonnet to match. The view of the guests had from the vantage ground of the stairway was like a moving flower garden. All the bonny spring hats and bonnets were given a preliminary airing, and roses, lilies, daffodils, clover, mignonette, violets and every flower one sees in the first flush of spring *chapeaux* were in profusion. Miss Madge Gooderham had a rose garden; on Miss Bessie Hees' hat were flowers, and a snowy little hedge of lilies-of-the-valley stood stiffly about the crown; Miss Kiely had a yellow fine straw, with a Welshwoman high crown, trimmed most smartly with delicately shaded pink and canary ribbon and small jet clasps. This was a most piquant hat, and just suited the sunny face beneath it. Mrs. Andrew Smith with her two daughters and Dr. J. R. and Mrs. Lounsbrough of Elm avenue, Dr. and Mrs. Sweetnam, the Misses Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. and Miss Woodbridge, Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davies, Mrs. Smart, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Mrs. G. W. and Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. B. Hughes, the Misses Hughes, Mrs. and Miss Hills, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winnett, Mr. Winnett, sr., father of the groom, Mrs. Neil, Mr. and Miss Read, the Misses Drynan, Mrs. Waldie, Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. J. D. and Miss King, Miss Lily Lee, Miss Edna Pearson, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Tackaberry were a few of the guests. The bridal presents were shown in an upstairs room and were most beautiful and numerous, as might be expected from the popularity of bride and groom with family connection and friends. The flowers at this wedding were exquisite. Dunlop's choicest beauties were lavishly grouped and artistically arranged. The *dejeuner* was served from an immense buffet in the north drawing-room, and those who never take impromptu feeds on any persuasion could not resist luscious red strawberries and Easter eggs of ice-cream. A tall mass of Easter lilies filled a deep alcove in the supper-room, and their odor was everywhere. The bride and groom left for a wedding trip to Bermuda at five o'clock, amid a shower of roses, the bride wearing a pretty golden-fawn costume with a small hat lightly touched with a pompon of scarlet flowers. On their return Dr. and Mrs. Winnett will reside in Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Smart was well enough to begin her trip in search of renewed health on Wednesday, when she and her second daughter, Miss Lily, left for New York, thence to sail on the *Verre* for Genoa. Mrs. Smart will journey by easy stages to Carlsbad, when her physician will put her under treatment. At the Winnett-Morison wedding Mrs. Smart looked very frail and shaky after her five weeks' serious illness, and her friends bid her *bon voyage* with much solicitude. Everyone hopes to hear news very soon of her improvement in health and strength.

The Young Ladies' Auxiliary of Grace Hospital gave a charming *musical* in aid of Hospital funds at the residence of Senator Cox in Sherbourne street, at which a number of people attended. Mrs. Cox was away in London seeing her daughter, Mrs. Ames, and the Senator only arrived home in time to make a little speech of thanks to those who had come to the *musical*. The programme was provided by generous help from Miss Elizabeth King, Mrs. Fred Cox, Miss Louie Craig, Miss Carter, Miss Halliwell, and Messrs. Rundle, Harold Bayley, Arthur Blakeley, Herbert Cox, and Blackey, the latter giving a fine rendering of Riley's "Old Sweetheart of Mine," and an encore equally enjoyable. It seems a pity that the *soiree musicale* is not more popular and frequent. Senator Cox's house is perfectly adapted for such an affair, and was beautifully arranged on Tuesday. Shoals of roses and some handsome foliage plants beautified the music-room. Most of the guests were in afternoon gowns and hats. Mrs. Fred Cox wore a very becoming evening gown of black lace and silk, with a shoulder posie of pink roses. After the audience had left, the performers and a few friends had a light supper before bidding good-bye to Senator Cox and his family circle.

Mr. Torrington's Orchestral School, now finishing its sixth season, gave a fine concert in Massey Hall on Monday evening. The young

people fairly surprised me, particularly Miss Eileen Millet, Miss Lois Winlow, Mr. Henry Jordan, and Miss Lillian Porter. I don't think any of them are far into their teens, but they sang and played with great care and earnestness. Little Miss Porter, in Raff's *La Filleuse*, rippled the notes off in an abandon that had nothing of carelessness, but surprising ease. She was encored, as was also young Jordan, who played a fine cornet solo. Pretty modest little Lois Winlow, with her serious face and her big cello, is far better worth listening to than many pretentious amateurs. The orchestra got bravely through a couple of Overtures and a lot of shorter selections, and the invitation to come and see what the young folks' orchestra could do need never be repeated. I, and a good many more, will be only too happy to hear them at any time. Mr. Harold Bayley, son of the Q. O. R. bandmaster, played a violin obligato for Miss Millet's *Air d'Isabelle* in a very careful and tuneful manner. A large audience was present at this concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Carter and their pretty little daughter are spending Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pearson.

Arrangements are now completed for the first re-union of the class of '95, University of Toronto, faculty of arts, to be held in the Students' Union hall next Monday evening, April 19. First-class music has been engaged, and under the patronage of such universal favorites as Prof. and Mrs. Alfred Baker and Prof. and Mrs. W. J. Alexander the function will doubtless be a distinguished success.

News comes from British Columbia of the birth of a little daughter to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hollyer, whereat many congratulations will flow from Toronto, where the pretty little mamma and Mr. Hollyer are so well known.

Last Friday the sudden decease of Mr. James North Carter, at his home in Picton, was a great shock to his relatives, among whom none felt it more than his daughter, Mrs. Irwin of Wilcox street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers and Mr. George Carruthers returned from Europe this week.

Mrs. L. F. Millar of Brunswick avenue, who has been visiting in Georgia, starts for home to-day.

The Monarch Bicycle Company, established in 1891 with a force of thirty-five workmen and an output of one hundred and fifty wheels, gives returns for 1896 of fifteen hundred workmen and fifty thousand high-grade wheels as evidence of the phenomenal growth of their business. The 1897 model is a handsome wheel, enameled in Brewster green and finished in oxidized silver. The name plate with lion's head is a very pretty and ornamental affair. In construction the makers claim to be as near perfection as possible, and the closest inspection convinces connoisseurs that their claim has reasonable grounds. The Monarch wheel with the Perry pneumatic saddle is a delight to ride upon and will stand a very severe strain of road work and hill climbing perfectly. The lady's wheel is a particularly graceful and easy wheel, heartily to be recommended.

Mrs. Porter is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Jarvis, at her home in Major street.

The town is owned by the cyclists this week, and at time of going to press the great question is, where shall we go for the meet? By the way, the society club, the Knickerbockers, hold their annual meeting on Thursday next at the Country and Hunt Club House.

Messrs. Ryrie Bros., who have put in an elegant new front window, hold their Easter opening this week. Their shop is a center of attraction for all interested in rich articles of art and *verve*, and *bijouterie* of every sort. This spring some lovely things are shown in jewels and gold work.

Mrs. Harry Totten gives an afternoon tea on Easter Monday. Many other bright affairs are on for next week.

On January 9, 1897, the bank hockey season opened at the Victoria Rink and Commerce was victorious. On April 10, just three months and one day later, there was a hockey dinner held at McConkey's and Commerce was victorious again; in fact, no other bank this time had a chance. The dinner was given by the Bank of Commerce staff in honor of the team—the seven hard men and quick—who had added another Commerce shield to the hockey trophy, and the enthusiasm and good feeling did not stop here. A very handsome gold watch was presented to Captain Stevenson. The presentation was made by Mr. Walker, the general manager of the bank, on behalf of the staff, and his speech was an illustration of a unity which is too often wanting among those who are sailing in the same ship. The clerks of the Bank of Commerce are fortunate in having a general manager who can, and, what is better, does rejoice with them in their victories. In proposing and replying to a number of toasts a number of jolly and clever speeches were delivered, and so the evening of good fellowship was brought to a close.

The musical At Home to be given by the Country Club on Easter Monday afternoon is one of those happy thoughts which everyone will appreciate. Two charming vocalists in Miss Beverley Robinson, who is to remain in Canada for a short time longer, and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, will contribute a recital programme, including two duets. After the songs there will be tea and ices, and those who wish can stay to dine amid those Scarborough pines on the shore of the lake, which will, I hear, be looking at its best, and can now be approached by a winding path which has just been constructed. The secretary, Mr. Wellesley Ricketts, can be found at Major Pellatt's office, 30 King street east, by the members who desire cards.

Those who were not at the Legislative Assembly here on Thursday evening of last week missed a scene, unique—one might say historical. The Attorney-General (Hon. Mr. Hardy) moved that an address be presented to our sovereign lady Queen Victoria, congratulating her on her long reign, and the speech he

made was a soul-stirring and patriotic review of the last sixty years. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. Whitney, in seconding the motion, made a speech pitched in the same loyal key. Then, as Mr. Hardy began to read the proposed address, every member stood up, hats off and all attention. He finished; there was silence for a moment. Then, as one man, the whole House sang God Save the Queen. I was a little afraid the singers would not be able to take that high note in the last line. I am happy to say that they scaled it easily, and let the "Queen" down beautifully.

Mrs. Porter's tea for Mrs. Farncombe was a very enjoyable hour of last week and her table the prettiest thing imaginable. It was set in the dining-room and lovely with slim glasses of violets and jonquills and mignonette set as a centerpiece, around which were grouped silver and glass and china laden with all sorts of dainty things. A few of the guests were: Mrs. Stratford, Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mrs. Frank Fleming, Mrs. Coutlee, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. Oliver Macklom, Mrs. Wattress, Miss Springer of Manitoulin, Miss Wyatt, Miss Harman Brown, Mrs. Chris. Baines, the Misses McKellar, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Machray and Mrs. McKinnon. But one cavalier, the handsome little nephew of the hostess, invaded the tea, and he was in danger of being petted to death on his arrival.

Miss Maynard, who has been visiting Mrs. Frank Arnold during the season, returned to her home in San Francisco last week.

The Victoria Dramatic Club will hold their fifth annual At Home, on Friday, May 7, at Dovercourt Hall, and judging from the success of their previous entertainment a most enjoyable evening is looked for. The cast is composed of some of our best amateur talent and the committee are striving hard to make the affair a success in every way. The theatricals will be followed by dancing, with the advantage of a good floor and music. The patronesses are: Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. W. Cummings, Mrs. J. J. Palmer, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. George S. Lyon, and Mrs. Henry Wade.

Mrs. Jarvis (nee Croft) is in the city and is visiting Lady Wilson.

Miss Fanny Daw of Borden street leaves to-day (Saturday) for England. She will be met at New York by her sister Lilly, and together they will spend a couple of months visiting relatives in London and the south of England.

Mrs. Alfred Beardmore has gone to Preston Springs for a little change.

St. Peter's church sale of fancy and other articles and high tea was one of last week's pleasant engagements. As usual the ladies had crowded tea-tables, and the work-tables were full of useful things. A candy-table, under Mrs. R. B. Hamilton's charge, was beautifully draped in *crepe* paper, and tempting candies were arranged with great taste. The little girls (such pretty little creatures!) had a long table full of their own work, really most creditable to them. I trust the bad weather of Friday did not affect the success of the finish of this annual sale.

On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross had a few friends in to meet Mrs. LeFevre. This lady has written a number of good things, and a fine poem on the Lions' Gate, a curious rock formation in the shape of two lions *couchant*, which adorns the harbor of her home, Vancouver. Mrs. LeFevre, with her host and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson of Parkdale, Mrs. and Miss Mason of Ermeleigh, Mrs. Cattanaach, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. James Ross and Miss Perry, enjoyed a game of cards and a pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alley have been spending a week at Ermeleigh, Mrs. Alley's girlhood home.

A feature of spring costumes is the dainty little white or faint-tinted belts in fine leather. A hint to the girl who wishes to sport *le dernier cri* in waist-wear. Your belt must be buckled behind! Don't ask me why, I don't know, but the buckle must be in the middle of the back. The Julian Sale Leather Co. have the prettiest belts you ever saw. It's money well laid out to buy from them.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Hodgson celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at their residence, No. 10 Bleeker street, on Saturday evening last. A large number of relatives and immediate friends were present and a very pleasant evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

Mrs. J. W. Manley of Sussex avenue celebrated her eightieth birthday on Wednesday, April 14. This agile octogenarian undertook to mark the occasion by a walk around the Belt Line route, which she succeeded in doing, without a halt, in two hours and twenty minutes. Major Manley is naturally very proud of his mother, who was born in Devon, England, eighty years ago.

Canadian Horses in London.

Canadian Gazette.

At the Canadian Horse Repository, Lamb's Conduit street, recently, Messrs. Pritchard & Moore Brothers offered and sold 201 horses at an average of \$31 each. The horses sold consisted of cart-horses, realizing 30 to 60 guineas; vanners, busses and trammers, 30 to 35 guineas; and carriage horses, 30 to 80 guineas.

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Social and Personal.

With the exception of the wedding on Tuesday afternoon, and the reception at Westholme this afternoon, Holy Week has been, as usual, a social blank in the way of "big things." People are busy about their Easter millineries, their *nettoyage de la maison*, which in our primitive city of Toronto is still an affair of importance and discomfort, and many orthodox sons and daughters of Anglican and Roman Catholic bodies reserved to themselves the hours of the past week for quiet and seclusion, when, let us hope, they mourned their own sins and let their neighbors' shortcomings have a respite.

The bicycle lady is now in her glory. She has a new wheel, a new suit and a new diversion wherewith to pass her time. You see her going deviously up and down St. George, Beverley and sometimes Jarvis. The bicycle lady with one exception was first seen on the East Side. The craze, like other wise things, came from that quarter. If I mistake not, Mrs. Riordan was the very first lady socially known who essayed the wheel, and in May of 1891 took lessons on upper St. George street. The idea was started as an exercise, as Mrs. Riordan had been laid up with a tedious sprained ankle and found herself suffering for want of outdoor exercise. Could she, or any one of her friends who wondered at her courage and feared for her safety, have foretold the craze which three years developed and which captured society? This week's agitation under restrictions to be laid upon cyclists needs an expert to remodel it. But I would meekly suggest to the various sweet creatures whom I dodge fearfully, as I pedal about the city, that it might be advisable to remember that as straight a wake as possible should be left. When two or three women ride together it is almost impossible to pass them. They swoop out to the curb on either side, and just when they leave the way clear, it occurs to them to rush together in the center of the street. They amble sideways, turn erratically half-way down a street, without making sure no pestered horse or worried cyclist is coming along to be run into. In short, the bicycle lady must make up her mind that she is to ride as she would walk or drive, and not all over the place.

Mrs. Rorer's lecture on foods last Monday afternoon was quite a departure from the Cooking School demonstrations with which we are so familiar. Mrs. Rorer is scientific, and when she talked plainly to the crowd of ladies on baking powder, for instance, she overturned the props whereon many a kitchen is built. Mrs. Rorer has opinions of her own and states them in a masterful way, so that her lecture is bound to bring forth fruit in the minds and lives of her hearers. Mrs. Rorer went to Oshawa to lecture on Monday evening and returned here Tuesday. During the lecture "lovely things," as women call toothsome edibles, were prepared. Mrs. Rorer says we don't pay enough attention to substantial, plain cookery in Canada, and that the people on the other side can give us pointers. This is a new doctrine; we have always understood that the dyspeptic, *par excellence*, comes from the land of the bald-headed eagle; but perhaps other agencies than pies, cheese and hot biscuits have developed the national disease of American "tummies." There is very little excuse for eating the wrong thing after one has heard Mrs. Rorer's lecture. Indeed, heaps of useful information was given quite apart from the preparation of food. Mrs. Rorer's hearers were much impressed, and one and all admired the lecturer's appearance in a most fetching *fichu*, cap and apron, and rich black gown, turned in, *a la* Quakeress, at the neck. The Young Women's Christian Association was the auspices under which her very clever address was given, and the attendance was numerous and intelligent.

The Horse Show is entailing a constant lot of work on those finished equestriennes and their attendant cavaliers who are to form such a graceful feature of the affair. Practice goes on constantly at Stanley Barracks, and the rides are being very perfectly done. Toronto seems to delight in things of this sort, though, strictly speaking, they are not quite the regulation thing for a Horse Show. However, we have a perfect right to have what we like at our own Horse Show, haven't we?

Mr. Conacher, whose splendid Huntsman poster made his name known to many smart people interested in the Horse Show Poster Competition, has gone to New York to seek his fortune, where he will no doubt find appreciation of his decided talent and excellent work.

Mr. Gooderham of Waveney and Mr. T. G. Blackstock returned from England last week. During their stay in London they constantly saw the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with whom they have always been on terms of intimacy, and their reports of the Governor's health are satisfactory enough to lead us to hope for his very speedy return to Government House.

Mrs. E. J. Lennox of Sherbourne street will not receive this month, as she is sojourning at the seaside in a southern resort.

Mrs. Creelman returned this week from Atlantic City, where she went after the death of her mother, Mrs. Jennings, accompanied by her sister, and where a little party of Toronto people passed the Ides of March and days following. Mrs. Creelman had been laid up for weeks with neuralgia before the loss of her mother, and I am glad to hear she has received much benefit from the fresh Atlantic breezes and the change of scene.

Mrs. Walther is at Dr. Walker's private hospital convalescing after a serious operation which took place last Saturday. Friends can visit her in about a fortnight at the hospital.

Mrs. Phillips' musicale on Saturday was crowded to the doors, and a very dainty little programme was presented by Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Miss Gunther, Mr. Rundle, Mr. Parker and Mr. Paul Hahn. I have said things about Mrs. Reed which she justified on Saturday, to the delight of the hundred or more of people who heard her. Very bright and beautiful she looked in a summery frock of white and pink,



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and a large hat with clover blossoms. Mrs. Reed's broad brow, and lovely, winning face, and quaint *coiffure*, are distinctly a charming type, almost unique in Toronto, and her happy smile is good to see anywhere. Miss Gunther played delightfully, and her selections were just those sure to suit such a gathering. Mr. Rundle's honeyed tones, in solo and duet with Mrs. Reed, never were listened to with more

appreciation. Mr. Percival Parker was enthusiastically encored and responded with an Irish song. Mr. Paul Hahn's ears must have burned at the nice things said of him by everyone, and indeed his two cello solos were well done and most enjoyable. Everywhere the whisper was passed about of his recital in St. George's Hall on May 13, and people were arranging to keep that evening free. I believe all the ladies and gentlemen performing at the Saturday *musicales* are to take part in his programme. Mrs. Phillips and her pretty daughters are to be congratulated on the success of their effort in aid of the Toronto Relief Society, which is the better by some one hundred dollars therefor. Tea was served after the programme and one had a chance to move about and see the lovely flowers scattered lavishly through the drawing-rooms. Dunlop's finest pink roses with other floral beauties set off each nook and corner. Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Phillips mother, was a pretty picture of a silver-haired grandmother as she received the *adieu* of many old friends. A few of the guests were: Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Mrs. G. Allen Case, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, the Misses Carty, Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Mrs. John Riordan, Mrs. Hees and Mrs. Haas, Mr. Minty, Mr. Sears and Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. and Miss E. S. Cox, Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Miss Snively, Mrs. R. J. Christie, with a bouquet of pretty girls, including the Misses Drynan, the Misses Brock, Miss Mabel Smart, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Blanche Wellington, Miss Aileen Gooderham, Miss Hamilton, Miss Lily Lee, Miss Bessie Hees and Miss Ethel Taylor, and a proper complement of young men.

The Nansen boom, as Stead calls it in the last number of his *Review of Reviews*, has struck Toronto. "Have you read Nansen's book, *Up North, Further North, Farthest North, North Pole*, or whatever it is called?" Don't say you have not, as everyone should read it or should have read it by this time. Mr. Huestis of Bain's bookstore, King street, says *Farthest North* (which is the correct title) is having a very large sale, and is being talked of as much as the *Horse Show*.

An engagement which has been an open secret, or rather taken for granted by intimate friends of the young people concerned for several weeks, was announced last week, and Mr. Victor Cawthra and Miss Ada Arthurs have at last consented to accept the congratulations which have been hanging over them for so long. Two eligible bachelors of the West side, and cousins at that, are now safely laid away and labeled "finances," while their *cheres amourees*, who have been since their *debut* marked leaders in their social circle, may no longer be wooed by eager swains. Both ladies have gathered their scalps in their time; both are wealthy, traveled, and of great individuality and many accomplishments. That all these good things are going to make two more homes happy, and those homes are to be here in Toronto, is matter for self-congratulation to all having the anticipated *entree* thereto.

Miss Michie of Westholme, whose big house in Wellington place is one noted for hospitality when its gentle mistress is equal to receiving, is to be the rendezvous for many friends this afternoon, cards having been sent out some ten days ago for an afternoon reception thereto.

The concert at Stanley Barracks, given by the men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons in aid of St. John's church, which they habitually attend, was most successful. Miss Louie James of Benvenuto played some charming violin selections, Mrs. Duchan being her accompanist. The concert was under the patronage of Colonel and Mrs. Otter, and the minstrel show provided by the men was excellent.

Capt. Arthur Sweetman, son of the Bishop of Toronto, has gone to Mexico to take an excellent position on a railway there.

By the way, quite a number of Torontonians are in Mexico just now. A friend wrote me from there the other day, mentioning several names of present residents. Mrs. James Robertson and her daughter, with her two sons, Percy and Ford, have a cosy *menage*, to which Toronto friends are always most welcome. Perhaps it is no harm to tell that from this much-missed woman, who is beloved wherever known, I received the account of the reception given to the medics, which our readers will enjoy in another column.

Miss Fannie Small returned from St. Charles, near Montreal, this week. She has enjoyed a lovely visit of a month as the guest of Mrs. McDougall.

Mr. Pier Delasco sings at St. James's cathedral to-morrow, and also in Carlton street Methodist church.

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By...
MAX
PEMBERTON

PART III.

He spoke loudly; nor did he look for an answer, being quite assured by this time that he was dreaming, or, if he were not, then that he had become the victim of the strangest jest yet played in France. And he was very surprised when a voice behind him greeted him with the first word he had heard uttered since he entered the room. For the matter of that, the voice was hardly raised before all the suppers leaped to their feet and stood in an attitude of respectful attention.

"And what is the trouble of the Lord Bishop of Blois?" asked the speaker, as he advanced to the Abbe's chair.

He was a man slightly above the medium height, and he wore a dress of white velvet upon which a lace-work of the whitest diamonds glittered. The Abbe observed that he was somewhat advanced in years, and that his features were clear-cut and singularly handsome. He was attended, now, by two pages who wore trunk-hose of purple, and purple cloaks above them; while an officer in the blue uniform of the Corsican legion stood at his heels as though expecting some command.

"Ho, ho!" thought the Abbe as he watched the stranger, "here then is the rogue who has played this jest upon me. I will find a word for him at any rate." And so he spoke aloud.

"Sir," said he, "who you may be, I do not wish to know; but if this be your house, permit me to tell you that I have been the victim of a great liberty."

The stranger feigned astonishment.

"What," cried he, "have you not supposed well, 'Seigneur'?"

"Sir," answered the Abbe, "I beseech you that you will not call me 'Seigneur,' for to such a title I have no claim. As for your supper—I would not offer it to a dog."

"But surely," cried the other, looking very much surprised, "that is turbid which you eat, my friend—and do you not hold a cup of the wine of Burgundy in your hand?"

"Monsieur," said the Abbe, with hungry dignity, "whoever has told you that has lied. There is nothing but water here."

"Oh, indeed!" cried the newcomer, "pray permit me to put it to my lips, 'Seigneur—you say that is water—St. Louis! I would like to have a cellar full of such water as that."

He tasted the draught as he spoke and smacked his lips over it as though it had been a delicious nectar. The Abbe, staggered at the action, was silent for some moments; but after a pause he took the cup up in his hands, and did that which was a rare thing for him to do—he lost his temper.

"My son," he asked, "you declare that to be the wine of Burgundy?"

"Most certainly," replied the stranger, "most admirable wine."

"Then I pray you drink it," exclaimed the Abbe—and at the invitation he threw the contents of his goblet into the newcomer's face.

It was a deserved retort, perhaps; but the miserable Curé, had he foreseen that which was to follow, would have cut off his right hand rather than allow his temper to carry him so far. Scarce was the thing done when a cry of horror burst from the company about the table. Fifty hands were raised as if to strike the cowering priest. Threats, execrations, remonstrances were hurled at him until his head buzzed with the clamor. The stranger, alone, appeared to be unmoved. He wiped his face with a handkerchief of lace; and then turned to the Corsican at his elbow.

"I am sorry," said he, "but I must ask you to arrest Monsieur, the Bishop of Blois. You will take him to his room and keep him there until my pleasure be known."

"Your Majesty is obeyed," was the answer. There was a great silence in the place now; and it lasted while the Corsican stepped forward and bade the quaking priest follow him. As for the Abbe, he was like one petrified.

"Great heaven!" he moaned, when they led him from the room, "it is the king who speaks. And I have thrown my wine in his face. God help me, for my day has surely come."

All else was forgotten in this; the visions of the night, his purpose in riding to Paris, even the offences of little Corinne gave place to the tremendous fear which his folly had brought upon him. He saw it all now—mystery no longer perplexed him. The masquerade in the woods, the horrible apparition, the flashing of the crimson fire—what was it all but the work of the jesters at the palace of St. Cloud? They had gone out to seek whom they could devour, and they had lighted upon the Curé of Yvette, he said. Then the king—he had heard of their pastime and had come to witness its consummation. And thus had the perpetration of a crime so terrible been brought about. Nothing, not even religion, was held as sacred in that year 1759 as the body of the king. The Abbe knew full well that unless mercy were shown to him, he might spend the remaining years of his life in the Bastille. Men had come to such a punishment for mere words—but to throw a goblet of wine in his Majesty's face! The very memory of his offending compelled him to shudder like one who was already doomed. The Corsican officer had led him to a bedroom now; a pretty room lighted by many wax candles and furnished with all the taste characterizing a period so tasteful. It was a long apartment with a cabinet giving off it—and the Abbe observed in this smaller chamber a supper table decked prettily with lighted candles and flowers. For this, however, he had no appreciating eyes. He felt at the moment as though he could never eat again. Foreboding, real and stern, had set his nerves itching. He began to question his conductor; hoping for some little word of comfort.

"Monsieur," he said, with pitiable anxiety, "I beg you to tell me—whose house is this and where does it lie?"

"Readily," answered the young officer. "This is the pavilion of Madame Doublet de Persan. The villagers call it the House of the Scarlet Witch. I regret, Monsieur, that your first acquaintance of it should be made so

unpropitiously. Saint Denis! who would have thought that His Majesty was unknown to you?"

"God help me," answered the Abbe, "I never saw him but once, Monsieur, and then it was from a bench in the Place Louis Quinze. Oh, surely, he will remember that!"

The Corsican shook his head, implying that he doubted.

"My Lord Bishop," said he, "I am but a very humble servant of His Majesty, and heaven forbid that I should anticipate his decision. If you have friends, however, let me beg of you to write to them. It is possible, should their influence be not delayed, that you may yet atone for this offence with a year in the Bastille!"

"A year in the Bastille," murmured the Abbe, "a year—the Saints help me—a year for a moment's loss of temper! Oh, mon Dieu, will you not plead for me, Monsieur? I am no Lord Bishop, but only a poor curé who is friendless and helpless as you see. I conjure you, of your charity be a friend to me."

"What!" cried the soldier, with a wondrous assumption of surprise, "you tell me, my lord, that you are not the Bishop of Blois? Oh, surely, this night's work has robbed you of your memory. Think a little, and you will recall the circumstances. How to-day you were riding to Paris upon business of your diocese when you fall into the hands of Madame Doublet de Persan's merry fellows who bring you to this house to supper. The king, learning of the jest, is driven over from the palace to enjoy it, when you, losing your temper, throw a goblet of wine into his Majesty's face, and so become my prisoner until your sentence is delivered. I exhort you, my lord, hide none of these things from yourself, but send at once to your friends and conjure them to intercede for you."

There was a wondrous air of honesty about the Corsican's tale; and although the Abbe was more perplexed than ever when the soldier had done, he determined to trust him, and to make a last effort to help himself. Indeed, a sudden inspiration seized upon him, and when spoken his words came quickly and his white cheeks flushed scarlet.

"Monsieur," he said, "I see it all plainly; they have mistaken me for the Lord Bishop of Blois, and so this misfortune has fallen upon me. I have but one friend in Paris—if, indeed, she be in Paris now. I speak of my ward, Corinne de Montesson, who is to be found at the Hotel Beaufreillis in the Rue Saint Paul. Could you but convey a word to her of my necessity, I know that it would not be unavailing. Indeed, she is very gentle and loving to all, and never fails to help those who are in adversity. Send to her, I beg you, and tell her to come to Saint Cloud at once. Say that the Abbe Morellet implores her assistance."

"Ciel," cried the Corsican, "I will tell her no such tale—for why should she come to the help of the Abbe Morellet when it is Monsieur, the Bishop of Blois, whom she is to assist?"

"Sir," said the Abbe, with humble entreaty, "if you tell her that I am surely lost."

"Courage," said the Corsican, "you forget, 'Seigneur. In a little time your memory will come back to you. I shall send to Paris at once. Meanwhile, you will pardon me if I must hold you under lock and key. You heard the king's command, my lord?"

"God help me," cried the Abbe, "I heard it too well."

At this the Corsican withdrew and went downstairs to the supper table. The scarlet masks of the company were all laid aside now, and the suppers no longer ate fish made of bread crumbs. On the contrary they were very merry over flagons of rare, red wine and goblets of champagne, and trout from the Lake of Geneva, and dishes of carp's tongues, and sturgeon and mullet, and legs of venison, and fat capons. When they saw the officer they cried out joyfully and hastened to ask how the Abbe did.

"Grimod, Grimod, what does he say? What does he do? Oh, tell us quickly—we die with impatience—you have news, Grimod?"

Then, addressing the scarlet witch, whose fresh and piquant face belied her role, now that the mask was laid aside, he said:

"Ma foi, Mademoiselle Corinne, the Abbe asks for you!"

"For me?" cried the girl. "Then you have told him, Grimod?"

"Upon my word, Mademoiselle, I have told him nothing. He thinks you are at the Hotel Beaufreillis, and he begs me to send a messenger there."

Corinne clapped her pretty hands.

"Oh!" she cried, "how I love him. But he will not send me to a convent after all."

The idea that Corinne de Montesson would ever succumb to such a fate seemed to amuse the masqueraders very much. They greeted her words with extravagant enthusiasm. One love-sick swain—whose devil's head was set mockingly upon a plate before him—turned toward her eyes full of sheepish affection and exclaimed:

"St. John, Corinne, if you go to the nuns at Charenton, you will take half Paris with you."

"We shall have to build a city there," cried another.

"Such a place of worship never will have been seen," said a third.

"I go as man-in-waiting," lisped a pretty boy, who was busy with a dish of venison.

"And the king, what does he go as?" asked a demon whose head was tucked away under his chair.

"Yes," cried Corinne joyfully, "the king, where is he? Come forth, sir, and let us see you."

"Sacre bleu," answered a voice from the further end of the table, "the king is very well, thank you, Mademoiselle—but he will be the better when he has eaten this pastry."

Could the Abbe have seen the king at that moment, his fears would have vanished like the wind. Truth to tell, His Majesty looked exceedingly unkingly, seated as he was, astride

a small chair and holding a very large pastry between his knees. But the wretched priest in the bedroom above knew of none of these things. While the masqueraders below were at the zenith of their merriment, the miserable Abbe was pacing his elegant prison and every turn he took brought a fresh exclamation to his lips.

"Oh!" he would moan, "a year in the Bastille at the least—that I should have left my home for this! A year in the Bastille, where they put you in cages so that your bones are bent, or in ditches where the floors are deep in slime! Heaven be merciful to me—I have thrown wine in the king's face! Fool that I was! His dress should have taught me better manners. And now they will punish me—oh! miserable day, unhappy hour—what would I not give to be in my bed at Yvette again."

He, good man, had lived so noble a life that fear had not in all his years been an enemy to him. But now he feared exceedingly—feared so that for a long while he started at every whisper of the wind or creak of board; feared until he forgot that he was hungry and had not supped. By and by, however, one of his rest, less pacings carried him into the cabinet which opened off the bed-chamber; and there he beheld the little table with the flowers and the wax lights and the flagon of wine and the well dressed capon.

"Bah!" he exclaimed angrily, "the wine is but colored water, the capon is made of bread; they shall not befoo me a second time."

He thought it a cruel jest, and vowed he would not be the victim of it; and so he began to pace the room again; but his steps carried him, despite his resolution, straight into the cabinet again, and at the third time of his coming, hunger and thirst so far prevailed that he poured a little of the wine from the flagon and ventured to taste it.

"Oh!" cried he, filling the goblet to the brim, "can it be true—upon my word, this is very like the wine of Burgundy—Saint John! I have never tasted a better imitation."

There was almost a smile upon the Abbe's face now, and he began with eager hands to help himself to the capon. A minute later he had seated himself at the little table, and was busy with a groaning plate. Only when his meal was done did a haunting memory of his night's work come back to him—and at that the wine was soured and the bread turned bitter. He looked at the great carved bed and told himself that sleep was, not for such as he. He heard a bell without strike the hour of midnight, and the new-come day seemed to be the herald of his misfortunes. Once or twice he went to the door of his prison chamber and listened, but could discern no sound, neither of voices nor of steps.

"Heaven be good to me!" cried he, beginning to pace his room again. "If I could only lay this night in my bed at Yvette."

He sighed at the hopelessness of the desire; but, to his intense amazement, his sigh was echoed from the opposite side of the room. And he was very much surprised when, upon turning around, he beheld, standing there by a picture let into the panel of the wainscoting, two of the masked men who had met him on the road earlier in the evening. Indeed, the Abbe rubbed his eyes to make sure that it was not a dream; and it was not until the taller of the two spoke that he believed altogether in the reality of that which he saw.

"My Lord Bishop," said the stranger, "we have kept our promise and you see us again. Is it gladly?"

"Gentlemen!" cried the Abbe, "gladly, indeed. Oh, heaven knows! You have heard of my misfortunes?"

The masked man raised his hand.

"Hush!" he said. "A word may cost you your life. We know all and have come to save you. Follow me, 'Seigneur, and say nothing, whatever you may see or hear."

With this he laid his hand upon a button in the picture and the panel slid back noiselessly, showing a narrow aperture, through which the two men passed, and then the dazed Abbe. The aperture thus disclosed gave access to a narrow flight of stairs, at the foot of which was a little door, opening at the back of the pavilion, directly upon the park of St. Cloud. Before the prisoner had realized anything of that which was being done, he found himself out upon the soft grass with the bridle rein of a horse in his left hand and a groom at his right hand ready to assist him to mount. The two men, in their turn, went to horses waiting for them and, all leaping into the saddles, the leader said, presently:

"Seigneur, mount, I beg of you. We ride to Blois for your life."

"To Blois?" gasped the Abbe.

But the groom had helped him into the saddle now, and the man having, with a lusty smack upon the quarters, sent the horse off to join the others, the Abbe found himself, for good or ill, galloping wildly through the Park toward the road for Severs. So absorbed was he in doubt and wonder that he failed to observe the young girl who rode up to his guides as they left the pavilion—though she was masked as the others were. Indeed, those with him never drew rein nor spoke a single word until dawn broke in the sky, and St. Cloud and its woods lay far behind them. Then for the first time they permitted their foaming beasts to go at the walk and the fresh wind of the morning to breathe upon their heated faces.

The place was the summit of a hill some five miles from the town of Rambouillet. Below them a valley stretched pleasantly, and in the far distance the spire of the church at Yvette stood up like a needle against the cloudless sky.

"My lord," said the leader of the strangers, halting suddenly at the spot, "yonder is your home. As for us, our work is done. We have but to give you this paper and to bid you make your way to Blois with all speed. I doubt not that you will obey faithfully the king's wish that you shall not leave your new diocese for the space of one year."

"My diocese, the king's wish!" exclaimed the Abbe, whose face was bathed with perspiration and whose limbs were so sore that he could scarce sit upon his horse.

"Certainly," answered the masked man, pressing the paper into the priest's hands; "read that and all will be known to you."

The Abbe read the paper, then he raised his hands in an attitude of humble thankfulness.

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"Merciful heaven be praised!" cried he, "they have made me Bishop of Blois, me—the unworthy—the simple priest—the humble Curé of Yvette. Surely the king has forgiven me then. Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart for this night's work. Never shall your services be forgotten. Tell me your names, I beg of you, that I may remember them in my prayers."

The first of the three men removed his mask.

"Seigneur," said he, "they call me Benoit, the swordman."

"Seigneur," cried the second, unmasking in his turn, "I am the Comte de Guibert—the oldest friend of your ward, Mademoiselle Corinne de Montesson."

It was the moment for the young girl now. Swiftly unmasking and turning her pretty face upon the astonished Abbe, she said:

"And I, 'Seigneur, am Corinne herself."

The Abbe sat as one dumfounded. Tears welled up in his eyes. Gratitude choked his words.

"Corinne," he said. "Oh, it is to you that I owe my pardon and my fortune then! God bless you a thousand times."

"But not at Charenton," cried Corinne merrily.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Abbe. "Return to your home and carry an old man's blessing with you."

The Bishop of Blois was wont to tell, even in his old age, how that at St. Cloud he had once thrown a glass of wine in the king's face. But the knowing ones shook their heads.

"Bah," said they among themselves, "it was one of pretty Corinne's jests. The only king our good Bishop ever met was Lekain, the actor from the opera."

THE END.

Smart of the Shoemaker.

A somewhat amusing incident is told of a woman whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly, without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole of the property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled in bed as if very sick, and the lawyer was called in to write the will. The shoemaker, in a feeble voice, bequeathed:

"What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer.

"The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man," thus securing a rich bequest for himself.

The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare to expose the fraud, and so the two rogues shared the estate.

He Spoiled It.

Mrs. Wright has had her portrait painted as a surprise for her husband. She takes him to the studio, the artist steps to the easel, draws aside the drapery and stands very expectantly. Mr. Wright looks attentively at the painting and says: "Aw—very well done—interesting subject—who is it?"

Toronto Papers Very Remiss.

La Patrie has an article over which is this big scare head: Corbett et Fitzsimmons. People in Ontario who cannot read French are in a frenzy of excitement because not a word about this cannibalistic sequence of the prize fight has appeared in the Toronto papers.

Another View of It.

Bob Tory—Well, what do you think of Mowat now? Three hundred and nine corkscrews in stock up at the Legislature!

Jim Grit—Oh, I don't know; I haven't heard Everybody Delights in . . .

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that Sir Oliver has found any corkscrews lying idly in stock at Ottawa. Corkscrews, packed up and unused, are not much of a give away on a government, when you come to think of it!

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Kidney trouble generally begins with a single pain in the back, and in time develops into Bright's disease. People troubled with stricture, impediments, stoppage of water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night, will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a blessing. Read the wonderful cures in another column. One pill is a dose, and if taken every other night will positively cure kidney trouble.

De Browne—I say, old man, why is a mason like a gossip? De Greene—You can search me. De Browne—Because he builds story upon story.—Toledo Commercial.

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QUEER CORNER

The first correct answer to our last week's puzzle, the illustrated square, was received by mail from Miss Nora Pettypiece, Forest, Ont., and is as follows:

X C V I
C R A B
Y A S E
I B E X

The reader will observe that it reads the same downwards as it does across.

For this week the puzzle is one of word-making from these given syllables:

COR-PO-RE-AL-ITY;
SU-PER-NAT-U-RAL-IST;
IN-CON-SID-ER-ATE-NESS;
PRE-DE-LIN-E-A-TION.

It is required to make from the syllables of these four words twenty-four other legitimate words, or one for each syllable. The new words may have one or any number of syllables, any syllable being repeated in a word as often as may be necessary, but no syllables to be combined or divided to form different syllables. Thus a-e-r-a-tion would be allowable, but sure-ty would not.

SIXTY YEARS MARRIED.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hume of Walkerton a few days ago celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage by walking down town and getting photographed. Mr. Hume was a follower of William Lyon Mackenzie in the rebellion of 1837, was arrested afterwards, but managed to escape to the United States, where he lived until permitted to return home two years later.

A UNIQUE CURIO.

Mrs. George Wilson of 191 Vestal avenue, Binghampton, has a unique curio in the shape of a bedroom set—bedstead, dresser, washstand and chairs—decorated with postage stamps of every known civilized country on the globe. Mrs. Wilson has been collecting stamps for the past seven years, and the number has reached over half a million—802,000. The value of these stamps has been estimated at \$3,870. All of these stamps have been carefully washed, dried and pasted on after the style of a crazy patch-work quilt, and represent large patience and a great amount of labor. There are seven pieces of furniture in all, decorated. This curio is valuable, an offer of \$200 from Cornell University having been refused by the owner. It is, perhaps, the most novel collection of foreign and domestic stamps in the United States. The stamps are stuck on with glue and are covered with a heavy spar varnish, and can be washed without injury to the stamps.

A CENTURY OF VACCINATION.

The first successful vaccination was performed by Jenner in May 1796. A recent summing up of the results shows that the small-pox mortality of Europe during the previous century was 2,000 per 1,000,000 inhabitants, and in the cities alone 3,000, while during epidemics it was occasionally 5,000 to 6,000. In England, during permissive vaccination, the rate fell to 417, and under compulsory vaccination since 1871 the mean rate has been further reduced to 33. In Sweden, the small-pox death rate during the quarter century preceding vaccination was 2,045, in 1802-16 it fell to 480, and during 77 years of compulsory vaccination (1817 to 1894) it dropped to 155. Prussia's record is most striking, the mean rate during the compulsory period since 1874 having been only 15 per 1,000,000 inhabitants. Vaccination is not practiced generally in Spain, and in the single year of 1889 the death rate from small-pox was 3,080 in Almeria province, 2,670 in Murcia, and 1,400 in Cordova.

ANOTHER OLD BOOK.

QUEER CORNER.—I have in my possession an old book which I imagine deserves mention. It is entitled "Enchiridion: containing Institutions, Divine—contemplative, practical; Moral—economical, political. Written by Fra Quarles, London: Printed for Thomas Helder, at the Angel in Little Britain: 1670." I purchased the book some ten years ago at an auction of the effects of an old citizen of Meaford. It is small, about 5 x 3 inches, 3 inch thick, but contains about one hundred short essays on the subjects outlined in the cover. I wonder if any of your readers have seen its counterpart.

CANADA'S GOLD PRODUCTION.

In a circular just issued by E. L. Sawyer & Co. (Ltd.), Toronto, is given the following information: Statistics just to hand show that among the thirty-four gold-producing countries in the world Canada is eighth. Last year the United States led the procession with a gold product of \$57,000,000. The seven next in order were: Australia, \$43,709,322; Transvaal, \$43,184,180; Russia, \$31,509,097; Mexico, \$6,989,000; India, \$6,002,508; China, \$5,167,500; Canada, \$3,750,000. This year, from present indications, it is probable that the Dominion will take the place of Mexico.

ORIGIN OF NURSERY RHYMES.

Three Blind Mice is in a music-book of 1600. A Froggie Would a-wooing Go was licensed in 1650.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been? dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Boys and Girls Come Out to Play, dates from Charles II., as does also Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket.

Old Mother Hubbard, Goosey, Goosey, Gander, and Old Mother Goose apparently date back to the sixteenth century.

Cinderella, Jack the Giant-Killer, Blue-Beard, and Tom Thumb were given to the world in Paris, in 1697. The author was Charles Perrault.

Humpty-Dumpty was a bold, bad baron, who lived in the days of King John, and was tumbled from power. His history was put into a riddle, the meaning of which is an egg.

The Babes in the Wood was founded upon an actual crime committed in Norfolk, near Wayland Wood, in the fifteenth century. An old house in the neighborhood is still pointed out, upon a mantelpiece in which is carved the entire history.

GREATEST FLIGHT ON RECORD.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiania. Instantly the window was opened and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer soon covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and



"To what do you ascribe your great success as a fashionable portrait painter?"
"Chiefly to always sticking to my ideals."—N. Y. Truth.

his expedition in the Polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to a carrier pigeon and turned the bird loose. The frail courier darted into the blizzardy air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously. We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but this loving little carrier pigeon, in his homeward flight, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to amazement and admiration when the marvelous story is told. Mrs. Nansen's pigeon is one of the wonders of the world.

A Ballad.

In the Manner of R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.

As I was walkin' the jungle round, a-killin' of tigers an' time;
I seed a kind of an author man, a-writin' a rousin' rhyme;
'E was writin' a mile a minute an' more, an' I sez to im, "Oo are you?"
Sez 'e, "I'm a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor too!"
An' his poem began in Ispahan an' ended in Kalama-zoo,
It 'ad army in it, an' navy in it, an' jungle sprinkled through,
For 'e was a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!
An' after I met 'im all over the world, a-doin' of things a host;
'E 'ad one foot planted in Burmah, an' one on the Gloucester coast;
'E's 'alf a sailor an' 'alf a whaler, 'e's captain, cook, an' crew,
But most a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!
'E's often Scot an' 'e's often not, but 'is work is never through,
For 'e laughs at blame, an' 'e writes for fame, an' a bit for revenue,
Bein' a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!
'E'll take you up to the Arctic Zone, 'e'll take you down to the Nile,
'E'll give you a barrack ballad in the Tommy Atkins style,
Or 'e'll sing you a Deep-Sea Chantey as the bloomin' bosuns do,
For 'e is a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!
An' there isn't no room for others, an' there's nothin' left to do;
'E's called the main from the 'Orn to Spain, 'e 'as trampled the jungle through,
An' written up all there is to write—soldier an' sailor, too!

There are manners an' manners of writin', but 'is is the proper way,
An' it isn't so hard to be a bard if you'll imitate Rud-yard K.;
But sea an' shore, an' peace an' war, an' everything else in view—
'E 'as gobbed the lot!—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!
'E's not content with 'is Indian 'ome, 'e's lookin' for regions new,
In another year 'e'll 'ave swept 'em clear, an' what'll the rest of us do?
'E's crowdin' us out!—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!

The Other Side of the Story.

San Francisco Town Talk.

THEY were divorced, he and she, the other day. I almost smiled when I read the grounds upon which she had secured legal separation—"failure to provide." I say I almost smiled—it was the pathos of it all that made it seem too serious a matter for jesting. "Failure to provide." To the last of the drama he had been the one to play a minor and heartbreaking part.

"The more fool he!" some one cries. Perhaps. We are fools, all of us, exactly to the extent that our affections lead us. Your cold-blooded man never makes a fool of himself. Not he.

I happened to know them—he and she—before their marriage. She was a handsome, well-groomed, self-willed girl, with calm gray eyes and classic features; as selfless as a woman well could be and yet be human. That one trait of hers—and a grievous fault indeed—was the keynote to the whole situation. He was a quiet, studious fellow, by no means lacking in character, but alas, so madly in love with her that he lavished upon her a slavish devotion which she could not appreciate, but which she accepted as a matter of course. She had married him because he happened to please her fancy a bit more than did her other suitors. Moreover, she was weary of the petty economies that were enforced upon her at home by reason of the fact that there were younger sisters to share the family income with.

From the first, she had demurred against

housekeeping. That it devolved upon her to brighten her husband's life by domestic devotion, never occurred to her. When I broached the subject one day she tossed her blonde head and laughed.

"Housekeeping is slavery," said she. "I shall keep house for no man." And she doubtless never will.

So the honeymoon over, they returned to San Francisco and made their home at a fashionable boarding-house, a place beyond his means I well knew, but none other would suit the bride. As the months went by I could see a look of anxiety creep into his face and shadow it day after day. For his idol demanded such raiment as other women in the house wore—women whose husbands were men of wealth and most of them well along on the road of life. For unless young husbands have inherited riches in these days, it is usually the case that they must toil until middle age to acquire them. The more insistent that her wishes became, the harder he labored to fulfill them. It is such women as she who drive men to theft—and worse.

She did not drive him to a felon's cell, but she shattered his dreams of happiness and well-nigh broke his heart, beside leaving him beggared by the wayside. Did I not tell you that the decree was "Failure to provide?"

There is not much to relate, for the road to financial destruction is easy. Living up to and beyond his income in order to maintain her at the best and most expensive hotels in town, he was compelled to mortgage his property. When the payments fell due he could not meet them. Then illness, induced by worry, overtook him. He was removed to a hospital, and recovered to find himself penniless and minus a wife, she having packed her wardrobe and betaken herself to the house of a friend. She never returned.

He has—being a man in every sense of the word—pulled himself together and doggedly set to work to pay his obligations. That he could not support her was, of course, evident. Her legal excuse is a most plausible one. But I, who know the facts, am glad to tell the other side of the story.

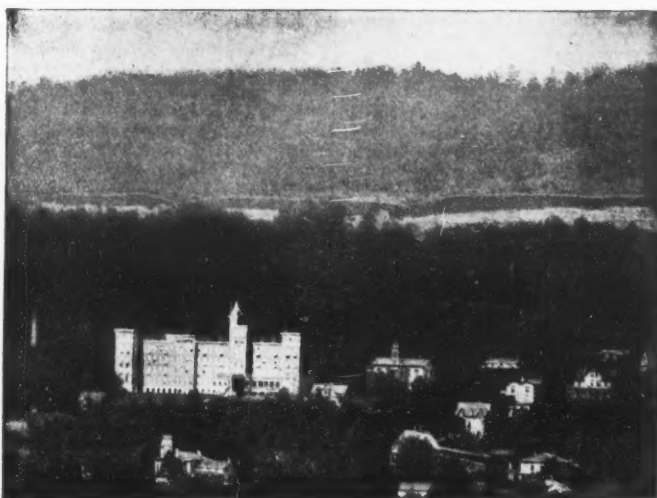
What will be the future of these two? I know not, so far as he is concerned. He is like a man whose last hope is gone. As for her, she will soon marry, they tell me, a broker who is reported to be as rich as he is swift. I am wondering if he, too, will ever be defendant in a divorce case whose grounds are "Failure to provide?" THE IDLER.

Penalized Because Federated.

THE *Canadian Gazette*, published in London, Eng., as the semi-official organ of the Dominion, is generally in sympathetic touch with Canadian sentiment. It publishes the following in reference to the fact that Premier Laurier has been invited to attend the Jubilee in London, while the Premiers of the Provinces have not been invited:

Canada is federated; therefore she is invited.

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to send no more than one solitary statesman to do honor to the Queen for all loyal Canadians from Atlantic to Pacific. Australasia is not federated; therefore she is invited to send seven statesmen, among whom Canada's one man, distinguished though he is, must be well-nigh lost. This is not right. It is not good policy thus to depreciate the great federal movement which Canadians have carried to a successful issue in the face of great difficulties of race and geographical position.

It would be somewhat awkward to have Premier Laurier surrounded by minor premiers, and would very likely spoil what we consider a very fine effect. Nothing could better certify to the fact that Canada is federated and some paces in advance of the other colonies than the fact of her being represented by one premier, rather than by a rabble of petty premiers. I think this view of the matter will recommend itself to good Canadians.

At the same time good Canadians are apt to feel that our Premier is entitled to precedence over the representatives of petty and disjointed colonies in out-of-the-way corners of the world, not only because the Dominion is the greatest of all the colonies, but because it is a federation represented by one premier rather than a job lot of them.

Aim to Win.

N. Y. Truth.

Act well your part, no matter where

Your lot in life is laid;

If you hold but a single pair,

Then let that pair be played.

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"Young feller," said the footpad, as he placed the muzzle of a revolver directly in front of Mr. Dicer's eyes, "have you given up anything this Lent?" "N-n-n-o." "Well, I think you'd better. Your watch and all the money you happen to have about your clothes will do this time." He gave them up.—*Bazaar*.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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UNDER the conventional ranting and the roar pertaining to sensational melodrama, there can at times be distinguished an echo of the true ring in the acting of some of the parts in Coon Hollow running at the Toronto Opera House this week. The piece was, I venture to say, written with more regard to artistic effect as opposed to the spectacular and sensational than is generally the case with popular "scenic productions." It is as if the author had been ambitious to make it a melodrama of the higher class, but had to succumb to the demands of the scenic artist and write up to the color of lurid, red-topped mountains hanging beetle-browed over plantation homesteads; of deep, rocky gorges where, looking up the rugged walls at the strip of sky above, you can see far, far beyond the tip of a cloud-capped peak swaying gently on its netting in the draught of the heroine's or somebody's shriek as she calls upon Heaven to witness. (And the "gods" always take personal appeals like this in a kindly spirit and signify their sympathy by unlimited applause). Of course in a "story of the South" it is necessary to run a special scene on the levee wherein to introduce the darkey quartette, the buck and wing dancers, and the pikaninny band. And a cotton press in full execution, a steamboat race—or, perhaps, a horse race, just as the inspiration strikes the scene-painter—are generally necessary in the last act to let it be unmistakably seen that the scene of the play is still south of the Mason-Dixon line. When a melodrama is advertised as a "story of the South," the public doesn't want it to wander too far north, and the only way to be sure of the southern locality is to bring on a cotton press and a man with a low-necked shirt, top-boots and a broad felt hat; this, with a nigger or two, completes a picture of the South. Now, I hold that if the author hadn't been bound down by these scenic restrictions and by the conventional characters necessary to make it plain to the mind of the general public who's bad and who's good, he would have produced something unusually strong and out of the ordinary. There is a suspicion of originality and naturalness in the dialogue, and the situations are not too aggressively melodramatic and spectacular. There is a touch of dignity and pathos about the character of Georgia the heroine, though the conventions demand that a Kentucky heroine be ridiculously young. Philip Maury is a good sensible character, and Lem Stockwell is more of a man than the ordinary ranting, poor, but comparatively honest, rival of the hero. I didn't like the hero himself as well, but it takes little to prejudice one against a hero of melodrama. Besides, after a supposed interval of three years he came on in the same neck-tie.

The scenery is very elaborate and some very novel effects are produced, especially in the first act. The pikaninny put up a good half-hour of "rough house" and specialties, and on the whole in our cool, critical, conditional way we can recommend Coon Hollow to those frequenters of the Toronto Opera House who have been lately pining away on the sponge-cake of farce-comedy and vainly longing for a solid beefsteak melodrama—hard to swallow as they sometimes are.

I have always labored under the impression that Kentucky was a healthy enough sort of a place to live in, but by observing a detail in the performance of Coon Hollow I find I've been laboring under a delusion. The inhabitants of the "mountings" and even those from away down in the "Blue Grass" are mere bundles of sickly nerves. They look all right—but just happen to ring a bell. You never saw such a commotion. At the very first clang the whole population jumps out of bed and dashes off to see what's the matter. They evidently go to bed with their clothes on, so as to be on the spot at the second beat of the clapper. Another queer point about the Kentucky climate: The sun shines down so strongly that the slightest blow on the head is enough to cause unconsciousness. A Kentucky villain, after one tap from a girl from behind, will gently lay himself down in a cotton compress all ready for his female accomplice to turn on the power and compress him by mistake for the irrepressible hero, so to speak.

Owing to the state of the weather the audience was not large that attended the recital given by Mr. Shaw and the members of the Conservatory School of Elocution at Association Hall on Friday evening, April 9. Those present were delighted with the programme presented.

Miss Trotter read Kipling's Wee Willie Winkie with a keen appreciation of its dainty humor. Miss Wingfield was enthusiastically encoored for her powerful description of the Death of Marston, by Scott. A clever sketch entitled His Unbiased Opinion was given by Miss Berryman, Miss Trotter and Mr. Shaw in a manner that created great laughter and won much applause for the clever actors. Mrs. Ross read Whittier's The Sisters with artistic grace and skill. Her voice is unusually sympathetic. Mr. Kenney's scenes from The Rivals, by Sheridan, always win enthusiastic recalls, as was the case this time. Miss Berryman gave The Mouse Trap, by Howells, with her usual grace and dainty style, winning the favor and attention of her pleased listeners. Mr. Shaw was most cordially received and heartily encoored for the recitation, Rhyne of the Duchess May, by Mrs. Browning. The programme was varied by excellent music and some fine statue posing and pantomime work given in Greek costume and with calcium light.

We are having two week-end attractions at the Grand and the Princess—at the former the Byrne Brothers in Eight Bells, and at the King street house Thomas Keene in legitimate drama. Mr. Keene's bill was as follows: Thursday, Richelieu; Friday night, Othello; Saturday matinee, Merchant of Venice; Saturday night, Richard III., with a special matinee on Good Friday, Mr. Hanford playing the leading role in Ingomar. The Byrne Brothers in Eight Bells have a show that arouses much interest.

The coming of Mr. E. S. Willard to the Grand Opera House next week is without doubt the most important event of the whole theatrical season. He stands at the very head of the profession. Not only is he a great actor, but he always carries a perfect company and the finest of stage accessories. Toronto society will certainly haunt the theater all week, and people will come from all the neighboring towns and cities, as they did on his last visit here. The Rogue's Comedy will be presented on Monday and Tuesday evenings and at the Wednesday matinee; The Professor's Love Story on Thursday and Friday evenings and at the Saturday matinee, while The Middleman will be played on Wednesday and Saturday nights. The Middleman is the powerful drama that first introduced Willard to the Toronto public; The Professor's Love Story is an idyllic love play by Barrie, while The Rogue's Comedy is new to Toronto, but said to be even greater than either of the others.

The funny man of the gallery actually turned up at one of the London theaters a few nights ago. Julia Neilson had been playing Rosalind, and in speaking the epilogue said: "If I were among you I would kiss each of you as had beards that pleased me." "Me first," shouted a stentorian voice from the gallery.

Another new comedy-drama, distinctively American in authorship, production and in the locality of its action, will be presented at the Toronto Opera House next week. It is entitled The Great North-West and was written by Herbert Hall Winslow and Will R. Wilson, who have been exceedingly prolific in turning out plays of a popular type during the past few years. The play is in five acts. The first takes place on the main street of Boom City, in North Dakota. The railroad has just been completed to the city, and the growing town is in holiday attire in celebration of the arrival of the first train and the driving of the golden spike. Act two occurs on a homestead claim, showing the golden wheat-fields of the great North-West, with farmhouses, barns and other details of its picturesque environments. The third act has two scenes—the jury-room of the county court-house and the post-office, and act four shows an electrical blizzard on the prairie. The company presenting The Great North-West is said to be a good one. "Bargain matinees" will be given on the usual days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

During Edward S. Willard's San Francisco engagement the Bohemian Club gave him a breakfast, which was attended by the brightest writers, artists and professional men, who have made the organization famous. One of the most graceful tributes paid Mr. Willard was in the following poem by Peter Robertson of the Chronicle.

Something of tangled forest find you here,
Brother from England's cultivated fields,
Where, tilled by earnest minds for many a year,
The intellectual soil rare harvest yields.
Here grow together weed, and flower and tree;
Nor this the sign of ignorance nor sloth;
Our intellect and art, untutored, free,
Know a luxuriant liberty of growth.
And from Old England comes with you a breeze
That bears the seeds of England's Thought and Art,
And drops them 'mid the weeds, the flowers, the trees,
To blossom richly 'e'en though you depart.
So from our tangled forest, brother, bear
This leaf to show you found the Laurel there.

Mr. Benj. Tuthill, the well known impresario, will bring his splendidly-equipped Madison Square Opera Company here from New York and inaugurate an indefinite season of comic opera at the Toronto Opera House on Monday, May 3. The interest of the opening week of the engagement will be greatly enhanced by the importance musically of the first opera to be given, namely, Said Pasha, Richard Stahl's greatest composition. It is a work that has never been heard in Toronto, although for the past two years it has been widely sung throughout the United States. It is described as a very happy combination of originalities and pleasing music. In strict accordance with the policy of the management of the Toronto there will be no deviation from the customary scale of popular prices during the engagement of the Madison Square Opera Company, although the attraction is one of the most important and costly organizations that has ever played at this theater.

The arrangements have been completed for the dramatic performances in the Princess theater on May 7 and 8, under the direction of Mr. Shaw and members of the dramatic class in the Conservatory School of Elocution. The opening performance will be Damon and Pythias, under the patronage of Toronto Lodge,

No. 30, Knights of Pythias. On Saturday afternoon Boucicault's lovely Irish drama, The Colleen Bawn, will be given, and in the evening Drouet's charming little drama, Coris, will be produced by special arrangement with the author. This play was most successful in its New York production. The various casts will include: Mr. Shaw, Mr. C. Le Roy Kenney, Mr. Clifford Williams, Mr. George Deacon, Miss Berryman, Mrs. Ross, Miss Wingfield, Miss Dixon and others.

The annual benefit performance for the Theatrical Mechanical Association at the Grand Opera House on the afternoon of Friday, April 23, promises to eclipse anything yet presented by the Association. The variety of talent is very great, and tickets are being bought up eagerly. I am told that a specially fine souvenir commemorative of Diamond Jubilee year will be presented to holders of seats on the ground floor and first gallery. This will be in the shape of a silk cushion, 18x18 inches, on which will be printed an elaborate design.

Miss Jessie Alexander, accompanied by her sister, sails from New York on Saturday next for a lengthy sojourn in Europe. Miss Alexander will go directly to the north of Scotland to recruit her health after a trying season, and will afterwards give recitals in Edinburgh, Glasgow and London. Her numerous friends will look with interest for her success abroad, and anticipate with pleasure her return with more of her delightful reminiscences of "types," for which she has shown so keen an appreciation.

Mary Hampton, who has been acting leading roles with E. H. Sothern, will leave his company April 17. Virginia Harned (Mrs. Sothern) will succeed her in the cast of An Enemy to the King. It is announced that Miss Hampton will play a leading part next season in Under the Red Robe. It seems clear that if Mr. Frohman has a rule prohibiting a man and wife playing as lovers on the stage, he is making an exception in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Sothern.

James O'Neill has under consideration for early production a new Oriental play, the central figure of which is that most romantic and picturesque character, Mahomet.

Minnie Maddern Fiske will go on the road next season playing Tess. She has already engaged her leading support. It is to be hoped that she will visit Toronto.

James A. Herne, who delighted Toronto with Shore Acres, will next season play The Heartstone.

SPORTING COMMENT

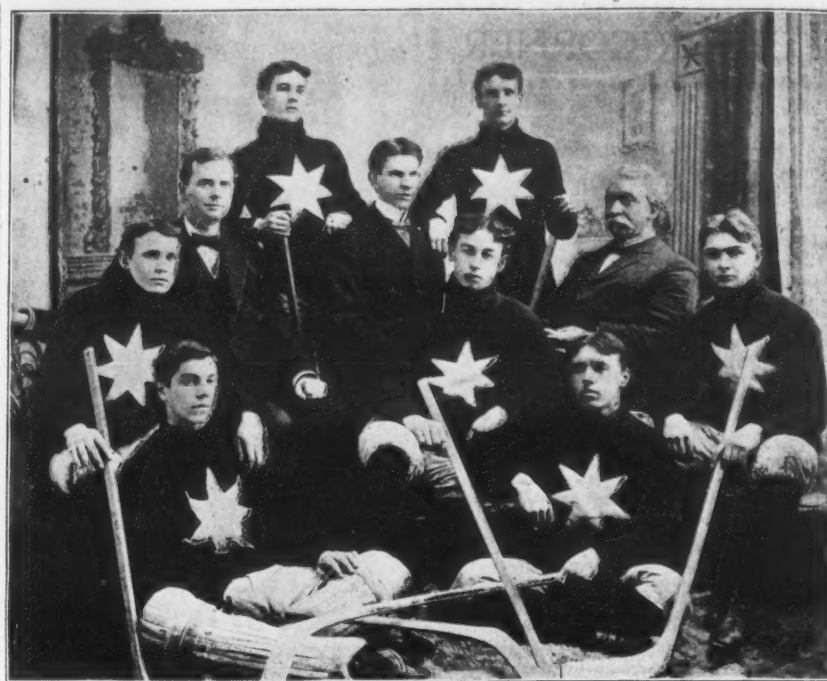
The Ontario Jockey Club cannot be compared with the other racing organizations on this side of the Atlantic. It is in a class by itself. Being managed on the lines followed by the world-famed turf clubs of England, it still remains "the sport of kings" in Canada, and has not degenerated into a mere gambling game such as can be counted by the dozens in the United States. It is the boast of the officials, and they are perfectly correct in saying so, that the Woodbine meeting is the most fashionable in America. More wealth and beauty can be seen there on Queen's Plate day than was ever seen at Monmouth Park, Saratoga or Sheepshead Bay. Of course there are the regulars who go there to speculate solely, but they form a very small percentage of the patronage. It is as a social function that the meeting has been a distinct success, and this, together with the fact that the different events are almost entirely free from jobbery, has placed the club ahead of all turf organizations in America.

This year there will be seven days' racing, while the longest meeting heretofore has been of five days' duration. Of course the classic event is the race for the Queen's Plate, not because it is a great race, for as a rule it brings together a poor lot of horses, but because the province breeds which face the flag are after Her Majesty's guineas. No Queen's Plate ever amounted to anything subsequently, excepting Victrolous. Mr. Seagram has six eligible candidates now, and no one, not even Charles Boyle the trainer or Mr. Seagram himself, knows which is the best. "I will start all of them and let the best one win," said the Waterloo turfman when I asked him a few days ago, and he meant what he said. Mr. William Hendrie has a choice filly in Leading Lady. He is a thorough sportsman and has not been discomfited by turf adversities. If his colt wins, the victory will be a popular one.

Miss Irene Jones of Brockville has a dangerous plater in Wicker, the three-year-old that ran a mile in 1.42½ at Windsor last year. She is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and Mr. Seagram gallantly says that if he is beaten he hopes that Miss Jones will get the prize.

The Woodstock Plate will be one of the greatest races of the meeting. Seagram will start his high-priced colt Tragedian, but will find a dangerous rival in Sleepy Belle, the Salvo filly owned by J. P. Dawes, the Montreal millionaire. It is expected that nearly five hundred horses will be quartered hereabouts before race day, and Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, secretary of the club, has already rented all the stables in the vicinity. The Windsor meeting will probably be postponed while the Woodbine meeting is in progress, and it is expected that about one hundred and fifty horses will come to Toronto from that town by special trains.

It is likely that the coming season will see a notable increase in the number of tandems. It is the coming machine and is pregnant with undeveloped possibilities of social intercourse and mutual assistance. There is always, it seems to me, something lacking in the pure, unsullied delight of the task of escorting your lady friends beyond city streets and over country roads—physically beneficial, doubtless, but awfully prosaic, as you plod along in the rear and converse in tones distinctly audible in the next concession. Compare this with



H. A. Cooper, Forward. A. F. Barclay, Forward.
Rev. D. C. Hossack, Hon. President. C. P. Fenwick, Manager. Hon. S. C. Biggs, Q.C., President.
S. B. Leslie, Point. Bert R. Morice (Captain), Forward. N. J. Watt, Cover Point.
J. Winchester, Goal. H. R. Harmer, Forward. [McVey, Photo.]

STAR HOCKEY TEAM, 1897.

the swing and rush of a high-geared tandem, when, as you lean forward in frantically unselfish endeavors to do all the work yourself, you are so close to a tantalizing mass of pretty curls that the temptation to exchange sweet whispered nothings is too delightful to invite resistance; and what a feeling of pleasant pride you experience when by the aid of your superior strength and skill you guide the wheel over difficult pieces of road that might otherwise mean a dismount to your fair friend. Try it, and you will know; but—keep a firm grip on yourself, young man, the day your best girl gets you to take her out on a tandem. Don't do quite all the pedaling.

The visit of the Crescent Lacrosse Club of Brooklyn, N.Y., has caused quite a boom of that game in the Old Country this spring. Whilst the visitors have won a majority of games played, they have not succeeded in carrying everything before them, having been defeated by some of the strongest English and Irish teams. An English paper, commenting on the form displayed by the American team, says that individually they are not superior to the English players, but that their combination is almost perfect. It was also noticed that the cat-gut in the American sticks was not drawn nearly so tight as is customary in England. This aids the Americans in catching and long-throwing, but makes their shooting rather erratic. The Americans are having a splendid time socially and otherwise, and there is no doubt but that their visit will do much to popularize the game in England. By the way, I understand a Canadian team is going to make the trip next year. The growth of lacrosse in Toronto during the past few years is little short of marvelous. Where one player existed six years ago, there are probably three or four now. A very promising feature is the large number of junior clubs now in the field. The only way in which to keep our National game up to the mark is for the senior teams to encourage and assist the juniors in every possible way. This rule perhaps applies more to lacrosse and cricket than to any other game. When a youth reaches 20 years of age it is hard to teach him to play, and when he knows how he is usually too old to be of much value. A pleasing feature of this season's cricket is the revival by the Parkdale club of their old junior team. In the past Parkdale have had an excellent junior team, and in fact many of the members of their senior team of to-day, including Dean, who figured on the 1896 International Eleven, were developed therefrom. Last year the junior club dropped out of existence, but it is the intention this season to do everything possible to form a strong junior eleven, with the object in view of developing material for the senior team to use in future summers. The Toronto Cricket Club have an excellent colts' team, but do not develop the players themselves, most of the members thereof learning the game either at Trinity College School or Upper Canada College, from which seats of learning many of Ontario's most promising cricketers have graduated.

Toronto University is looking forward to having an exceptionally good lacrosse team this year. Several new men have shown up so well in the practices that it looks as if members of last year's team will have to bestir themselves to get on again this summer.

I see that the Montreal Lacrosse Club has decided to withdraw from the Five Club League, being unwilling, as per their annual report, "to adopt methods similar to those in vogue amongst other clubs comprising the league," in getting a team together. There is no doubt that professionalism has a great hold on senior lacrosse in Canada, and the fact is greatly to be deplored. Nearly all the senior teams are more or less tainted, and if salaries are not actually paid the members for playing they are found comparatively lucrative situations in which they have every opportunity of practice. A club whose members are all strictly amateurs and who can only practice in the evening, has little chance of successful competition with a semi-professional team who are able to practice in the noon day and thus become so baked and hardened to the sun that it has little effect on them. If professionalism is to be allowed, why not go completely over from the amateur ranks and make a bold breast of it? The public would just as soon pay to see the lacrosse played by a professional as by an amateur team if the quality was as good, and I believe this is the only way in which to keep the game clean. If it is necessary for us to have professional lacrosse let us have it by all means, then at

least we would know "where we were at;" the present system is manifestly unfair to amateurs, whose standing is jeopardized almost every time they play a game. Lacrosse attracts no more attention in Canada than does football as played by the large universities on the other side, and yet their sport is kept clean and free from all approach to professionalism, whilst the less said about the purity of Canadian senior lacrosse as an amateur sport the better for those engaged in it. Of course it is understood that the above remarks do not refer to Canadian college teams.

Gaudaur has been challenged by Rogers to row a race for \$500 a side and incidentally the championship of the world. Mr. Gaudaur does not quite like the idea of rowing Rogers for the championship of the world, having little to gain and everything to lose, but is quite willing to row for the championship of America. If Rogers accepts his proposition no doubt a two-mile race will be arranged to take place this summer.

Last season's cricket at Trinity College School was hardly so successful as in previous years. The team, however, won the two most important fixtures, defeating both Upper Canada and Bishop Ridley. C. E. Duggan is the captain for this season.

The Toronto Association Football League have formed the schedule for 1897. The teams entered are the Riversides, Gorevales, Scots and Parkdale. The committee are hard at work trying to find suitable grounds, and unless the search is futile everything points to the most successful season in the history of the League.

The Star Hockey Club of Parkdale, of which I give a group portrait to-day, has had a very successful season, having won six games and tied two out of a total eleven matches. The following shows just how they stand:

Won from	Lost to	Tied with
Orient	Orient	Crawford
Old Orchard II.	Wellington II.	Old Orchard II.
St. George's	Riverside	
St. Alban's Cathedral		
St. Andrew's		
Imperial		

The Club have decided to introduce cushions into their rink, and enter a team in the City Junior League next season.

Although Cambridge has been getting the worst of it in its contests with Oxford, there came a change the other day when the lady students of Cambridge defeated the Oxford ladies in a game of hockey. The combination of the Cambridge girls in their forward line is said to have been rather fine and accounted for the victory. Encouraged by this victory the male Cantabs sailed in and defeated Oxford at golf. If they won at golf what need they care about losing a mere boat race?

The annual meeting of the Canadian Cricket Association will be held at the Walker House on April 20.

THE UMPIRE.

A Child's Answer.

THERE is a very pretty little story by Miss Strickland, in her Queens of England, of a little girl who saved her father's life. It was in the old time of Queen Mary, and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catherine Graham and she was only nine years old. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the Queen's apartments in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston the Queen found little Lady Catherine in St. George's gallery gazing on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression on the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particularly.

"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours."

The Queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston.

M. M. G.

Toronto, April, 97.

Cupid's Shots.

New York Tribune.

Why should Cupid be continually complimented as a great marksman? Whenever he fires he always Mrs. the girl.

Buying a World.

They stood on a star together, the Devil and Mammon, and looked down upon the earth as it swung like a little apple far below in the infinite vortices of the ether.

"It is a miserable little world," said Mammon, surveying it critically, "an extremely absurd little world."

"Don't judge it by its inhabitants," said Satan pathetically. "The world itself is not a bad one, and if you are looking for a bargain—something really nice in the way of worlds—there is the very thing you want."

"But what are those little creatures crawling about on its surface?" asked Mammon. "I don't want a world with vermin like that on it. Are they ants? Are they bugs?"

"Yes, hum-bugs," said Satan. "They call themselves men, I believe, but they don't amount to much, I assure you. I will sell them with the rest, however; all but the things they call their souls, which don't belong to me. You will have to bargain with them individually for those, but you can get them for a trifle. I myself have bought millions dirt-cheap."

"Indeed," said Mammon. "I observed that they seem to be very busy, and somewhat divided among themselves."

"O, yes," said Satan contemptuously. "The little fools are always fighting each other, and are divided into nations, races, sects, etc., but they spend most of their time hunting for stuff to put into the little bags they call their stomachs. The majority of them are practically vegetables and never think at all. However, you had better take a run down and have a look at the place yourself, and if you find everything satisfactory you can probably strike a bargain. If they hear you have cash they'll give you a warm welcome—almost as warm as I could give you myself—which is saying a good deal."

So Mammon spread his wings and soared majestically earthward, landing at the corner of King and Yonge streets, where he assumed the form of a man and strolled into a newspaper office.

"I am thinking of buying up the earth," he remarked to the editor, "and have been informed that I must negotiate with the inhabitants themselves for their souls. What will you take for yours?"

"You will find it in the waste-basket," said the editor. "I used it for a week or two, but the public wouldn't stand it, and the circulation of the paper declined. I use the scissors now."

Mammon caught this fugitive soul, and passing out of the office, came face to face with a lawyer.

"Sell you my soul?" cried the lawyer. "Why, certainly, if there is any of it left. A soul, as you are doubtless aware, is something a lawyer never uses except to his own detriment. We spend five years stuffing our minds with the ideas of other men and have no occasion to think for ourselves—in fact, it would be unprofessional for a lawyer to have ideas which were entirely his own—and so neither from an intellectual nor a moral standpoint does he require a soul."

And the lawyer delivered his soul to Mammon and passed on his way rejoicing, while Mammon went to a preacher.

"Why, certainly," said the preacher. "Bless us, what do I want with a mind? My brain is in the Bible, and if I have an idea of my own they would hang me for a heretic. Everything is down in the Bible, you know, and my soul is entirely superfluous. Dear me, I wish I could have disposed of it sooner, for it has often disturbed me. However, if you offer a reasonable price—thank you, there it is."

So Mammon took the soul of the preacher and passed upon his way, and as he passed upon his way the news of his mission got abroad, and the people flocked to offer him their souls. And as he walked abroad he was delighted with the beauty of the world, but disgusted with the littleness of its people.

"They are not men at all," he said in scorn. "They are worms—earth of the earth and dust of the dust—and the most honored among them is he who sells his soul for the highest price."

But he was amazed to find so sordid a people surrounded by so many beautiful things, and marveled exceedingly at the beauty of the buildings, the wonderful pictures that hung on the walls, the charm of the poems he read in the books, and the divine and passionate music that filled the world with melody and joy when the people sang like echoes the songs of souls unseen.

And Mammon called the people together and offered to buy their collective souls if every one was offered, but when the souls were piled in the market-place it was found that one was lacking.

"Who will not sell his soul?" shrieked the people. "Where is the crank who will not sell his soul?"

They found him in an attic with his pen between his fingers, writing divinest music—the dreamer, the poet, the thinker—who would not sell his soul. They took him to the market-place and tied him to a stake, and lit the fagots till the fierce flames crept up and burned his warm, white flesh.

"Now tell me," said Mammon to the people as they watched the dreamer burning, "who made the world so fair? Who filled it with the glory of song and the frozen joy called art; the pictures that blush and glow with life; the marble lips that almost speak; the poems that thrill and palpitate in ecstasy of melodious meaning? Who brought into the world the sweet things that make life worth living?"

The people bowed their heads in shame and pointed to the stake.

"It was he," they murmured guiltily, "the man we are burning—the dreamer."

The dreamer opened his lips and smiled, and spoke before he died. "I leave my spirit to the world," he said, "and Mammon is too poor to buy it now."

They stood on a star together, God and the dreamer.

"What is that wonderful world below?" asked the dreamer as he looked at a glorious sphere of light which swept through the luminous aisles of the infinite, its surface thronged with beautiful spirits, who lifted their voices in passionate song, exhaling many colored waves of melody and light on earth and heaven, and filling the universe with joy.

"That is the sweetest star of all," said the Almighty One; "the ancient earth, transfigured by your love and suffering, and peopled with the souls you saved from Mammon. Come, we will dwell among them."

Toronto, April, '97. CAIUS CROSS.



Mr. Toronto.

This is an allegorical figure of Toronto, and we suggest that it be done in plaster of Paris or some other cheap material and set up in the plot of ground before the new City Hall. The artistic properties of this bit of work will be at once apparent to the most casual observer.

The folded hands and the cast of the countenance are expressive of the fact that we have no Sunday cars in Toronto, and the figure hugs that thought to its hungry stomach and tries to extract sustenance from it.

The neck-tie is ministerial and strong enough to serve as a halter if need be.

The shirt is of loud checks, which, when interpreted, means that, underneath its outward covering, Toronto takes as much interest (though clandestinely) in a prize-fight as does Carson City.

The trousers are too long and wide for the figure, which means that Toronto cut its cloth too extravagantly when it cut up all the surrounding country into city lots.

The eyes are weak and tired, to typify that part of the population which goes about trying to see where it can purchase something for nothing.

The cap is out of season and out of date, and the clothing is generally seedy, there being in this a subtle double significance, viz., that Toronto once tried to put on style (in the boom), but going in for buying goods at bargain prices on Friday (which is not a lucky day for customers) got a wool cap instead of fur and shoddy instead of worsted. It really got worsted in the deal, but it didn't get worsted cloth, you understand.

There is much to recommend this allegorical figure, and as the City Council will not spend money on mural decorations, this figure in plaster of Paris or papier mache might be set up by the door of the new City Hall.

Easter.

For Saturday Night.

Long we'd heard the church-bells calling.

Varied saints to common prayer.

Tolling, tolling.

Softly tolling.

Calling us with voice of care.

"Holy Lent! Holy Lent!"

Come, ye sinners, and repent.

Easter draweth near."

But one morn—'twas very early—

Suddenly I heard a bell:

Then another:

"Christian brother!

Why so early? Who can tell?"

"Surely, brother, 'tis the day

Christ, on Calvary, far away,

Died, and took our sins away.

Hail Good Friday, blessed day!"

Dark the hour that saw him die,

Christ! on cross-crowned Calvary.

Pray, ere yet the moment fly.

But this morn a gladder pealing

Came, with sweeter voice appealing,

Calling us again to prayer.

Louder came the joyful summons,

Louder rang the bells to-day.

"What is this, my brother, say?"

Brother, this is Holy Easter!

Brother, Christ did rise to-day!"

Hark, the anthem louder flowing:

Quickly, let us all be going.

Christendom proclaims full free,

By her bells on land, on sea,

"Christ is risen! Come and see!"

A. HILL ROLPH.

Imitation Without Flattery.

THE habit of thinking aloud was a peculiarity of one of the Earls of Dudley, and of this an amusing anecdote is told.

Lord Dudley, being invited to the house of a friend, had ordered his carriage at an early hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated enquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived.

One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his carriage. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, the latter's rank and position in the country were, of course, well known to him. Nevertheless, they had not

been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the peer, who had up to that moment maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low, but distinctly audible tone of voice:

"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose, I must ask him to dinner."

He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman, pretending to be afflicted with the same falling, and, imitating his lordship's tone, observed:

"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner, for I shan't accept his invitation."

Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehending the joke which he himself had provoked, offered his hand with much hearty goodwill to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness, and from that night the travelers became inseparable friends.

The Boy's Anthem.

THE Bass was on his way to choir practice—rehearsal, they call it now—with a big sheaf of Easter music under his arm. The streets were almost deserted and it was wet and cold. There was a little snow on the ground and the electric lights swayed to and fro in the wind and made uneven, undulating circles of brightness on the pavement.

The Bass had nearly reached the cathedral when he became aware of a small attendant shadow that kept closely at his heels. He turned sharply. The shadow stopped and whimpered, with a knuckle to its eyes.

"Go away," said the Bass sternly. "I haven't any change."

"Chinge!" squeaked the shadow wrathfully. "I'm an Englishman, I am. Who asked you fer chinge? Can't a gent like an evenin' promenade without bein' insulted? Keep yer chinge—keep it fer yer supper."

"Well, what do you want?" said the Bass, amused, for the rags that decked the scarecrow flew loosely in the wind and gave him an elfish look.

"You can go arn now," said the battered thing; "I ain't no more use fer you."

"I don't see —" began the Bass, rather bewildered.

"I don't mind informin' yer," interrupted the other with an air of generosity, "as you arn yer umbrella makes a werry respectable buffer fer the wind. Them slim ones is no sorter satisfaction; gimme a big cone with a pair o' shoulders, an' I declare it's like walkin' down a bloomin' conservatory," and he shivered as a sudden blast nearly bore him off his sticks of legs.

"Are you cold then?" asked the Bass, pityingly.

"Am I cold? Am I a jibberin' ice-ouse floatin' in an Arctic sea!"

The Bass was feeling in his pockets for some coppers which were not forthcoming.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "come into the cathedral with me; it's warm in there at least."

The scarecrow came nearer and put one shaking hand on the young man's cuff.

"Sy, will the bloke tackle the ivories? Will he ply?"

"Why, yes, it's practice night; I daresay you can stay if you promise to be quiet."

"Sure, Mike; forge ahead!" and the two went on.

The cathedral was dimly lighted; the Gothic arches looked dim, and distant, and mysterious. The few lights in the chancel only served to emphasize its dimensions, and the organ was muttering out a pedal prelude that echoed somewhere in the darkness like the lost voice of the Bass.

The young man settled his charge near a register and went off with his music to join the choir.

"He is risen!"

As the soft staccato notes floated down to him the Vagabond clasped his blue hands and drew

a long breath of mingled ecstasy and bronchitis. "Alleluia Alleluia!"

He stood up and, drawn by the music, slipped up the aisle, nearer and nearer the source of those exquisite sounds. The Bass turned and saw him on the chancel steps and signaled to him to go back, and he crept away into the darkness again. When the practice was over the Vagabond had fled.

After this he always lay in wait for the Bass and accompanied him to the cathedral, sometimes carrying his music.

"Sy, couldn't I sing with them other fellers?" he asked one night.

"I'm afraid not, said the Bass kindly.

"Couldn't the cove wot sings the stoppers make me sing?"

"No, I don't think he could."

"Well, look here, there's one plice too many in that choir act; couldn't I wear a white flapper an' sit in it?"

"Too bad, boy; there's a new chorister coming for Easter and the seat will be filled up."

The Vagabond sighed and said no more.

Easter morning dawned fair and clear. The great church was buried in flowers and the air was heavy with their perfume. The Bass felt a new reverence as he took his place among the white blossoms in the stalls. He wished that the Vagabond had been there to see and hear, for the new chorister had not come and the seat was empty after all.

And now it was time for the Boy's Anthem, and the rest of the choir sat down.

"He is risen, He is risen."

Suddenly the Bass noticed a new quality in the sound, a full, tender sweetness, a divine element, that made it thrillingly complete, and he craned his neck to see.

"Alleluia! Alleluia!"

The Bass rubbed his eyes. Directly before him stood what had been the empty seat, empty no longer—for there, resplendent in a fresh, white "flapper," stood the Vagabond, singing his heart out.

"The night is gone, the dawn is here!"

Their eyes met, and the Bass leaned back with a sick feeling of unreality, his leaf fluttering from his hand. The Vagabond nodded to him, his voice rose higher and higher—clearer and sweeter—up—up—quivered a moment against the very gate of heaven—and stopped. Again the Bass leaned forward, but the stall was empty.

"You were asleep all through the boy's anthem," said the Bass's chum as they went home together.

"Perhaps I was," replied the Bass gravely, for he said to himself:

"If the Vagabond comes again, it must have been a dream, if not—"

But the Vagabond never came. GORRY.

Toronto, April, '97.

Great Britain and Eggs.

THERE never was a time when Canada looked so confidently out across the waters and contemplated doing trade in all the world's markets as at present. There are many reasons for this, but the chief ones are that the United States has conclusively shown that Canada is to be treated as a trade rival, and that certain overtures have been made showing that trade within the British Empire may be conducted across seas with advantage and under encouragements such as have not heretofore been given, and could not be expected from foreign countries.

Not long ago people said that eggs could not be laid down fresh in the British market if shipped from Canada. This has been proven untrue by the result, and the last returns made by the British Agricultural Department shows that Canada supplied Great Britain in twelve months with eggs to the total value of £156,653. This is a great achievement and one full of promise. The United States has not nearly approached Canada in this item, the figures being:

Canada £156,653

United States 22,610

But while we have outstripped the United States in the egg business, we are still away behind some other countries in Great Britain with the 1,512,000,000 eggs bought by her from out-

side nations and colonies in one year. Foreign countries supplied her with eggs of the following value:

France £1,069,589

Germany 916,821

Belgium 713,464

Russia 601,460

Denmark 447,709

United States 22,610

Morocco 18,246

Portugal 14,282

Spain 13,686

Sweden 7,757

Other foreign countries 1,326

In addition to these amounts must be added the following from the British colonies, Canada taking the lead:

Canada £156,653

Channel Islands 8,039

Gibraltar 2,325

Other colonies 1,004

Altogether Great Britain averages about £3,000,000 per annum in buying eggs from abroad, and while Canada has done wondrously well in the few years in which she has engaged in the trade, our success has only been sufficient to indicate the immense possibilities of trade with the Mother Country. The fast Atlantic service, with cold storage, may perhaps accelerate trade in food supplies to an extent that we cannot estimate.

A Sylvan Romance.

When first he cedar she was so spruce and cherry that he began to (sigh) cypress his heart and pine for her.

He said: "I want to ask yew a question."

"You'd buttnerut," she replied.

He rose and took her palm in his.

"Oak-um!" he said. "Do not make me a weeping Will, O! Let us orange to be—ahem! locked together."

Suddenly he 'elder in his arms.

Only one thoroughly bass wood peach on any pear, tho' these are so popular yew pine fir news.

I can only say they have been olive for each other ever since that date.

LOUISE CAMPBELL BARTER.

The Rights of Wheelmen.

It is time the wheelmen of this country got together and insisted on their rights. There is surely a large enough number of cyclists to have an influence in the management of affairs, and it is high time that they exercised that influence. Want of organization allows every petty tyrant enemy to tyrannize over the individual wheelman, who can only swear and grind his teeth in return. Now if we got together we could knock things endways. That the powers that be are apprehensive is witnessed by the fact that they have lately been passing laws giving wheelmen a right to object when they are run down by an empty hay-wagon. It seems it was formerly illegal to swear at the driver of the hay-wagon, whereas that restriction has now been removed. This is a great concession, but there are other points to be gained. Why does it make a point of raining every Saturday, Sunday and bank holiday? Why is it that we see street cars loaded every night at six o'clock with men who have trouser clips in their pockets and a wheel lying idly in the rack at the office? Why is it that the watering-carts grease the asphalt morning, noon and night? Why is it that because a fat old woman gets in the way and is run over, public sympathy goes to the fat old woman and the wheelman is arrested for scorching? Why is it that baby-carriages, wheelbarrows and knot-holes are allowed on the sidewalk, two deep, while it costs a wheelman two dollars and extras? Why does a bicyclist have to turn out for horses, pedestrians and trolley cars? Why ain't they wheeling all the year round? Why are all these things?

Simply because of hostile and older organizations. Farmers have control of the weather; they want rain and they get it. I say if the wheelmen would only get together they could abolish rain, yes, and the farmers too. What good are farmers? They're always in the way with their stick-in-the-mud teams. They wear the roads into ruts, and then they have the impudence to kick up a fuss if you help yourself to an apple—the fruit of a tree growing in the earth, and therefore public property. Do the farmers want the earth? They act as if they did, and the law upholds them. I say if the wheelmen would organize and claim their rights they could change the law so that they would own the earth. What we want after we get the earth is, no rain, no snow, no wind, clear sky, uniform temperature of sixty-five degrees, and sunset only to come to each wheelman when he pulls the string. And the rules of the road would be:

(1) If a bicyclist going east or south on the devil-strip shall meet a vehicle of any description, said vehicle shall quietly turn out to the right and permit said bicycle to pass.

(2) If a bicyclist going west or north on devil-strip shall meet a vehicle of any description, other than a bicycle, said vehicle shall quietly turn out to right.

(3) If vehicle of any description, other than a bicycle, overtakes bicycle going in same direction, said vehicle shall go slower.

(4) If a bicycle shall overtake a vehicle going in same direction, said vehicle shall at demand of bicyclist promptly turn out to right and give said bicycle the middle of the road.

(5) A bicycle shall always in case of dispute be entitled to half the road—the middle half.

(6) And if complaints are laid concerning infraction of the foregoing regulations, steps will immediately be taken to abolish all form of traffic, other than that of the bicycle, altogether, pedestrian included.

(7) That all pedestrians and vehicles shall be required to wear bells and carry lanterns.

This is what we want, and this is what we'll get if we keep on.

A. WHEELER.



"Ought I to give her a tract?"—Pick-Me-Up.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Steamship Agent, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

JUBILEE RATES

Line	Destination	Every	1st	2nd
American	Southampton	Wed.	\$100.00	\$45.00
N. G. Lloyd	Plymouth	Thurs.	77.75	45.00
Ham-American	Thurs.	107.50	50.00	
American	Phila.-Lpool	Sat.	35.00	20.00
Reaver	Mont.-Lpool	Wed.	30.00	31.00
Eng. Channel	Continental & Mediterranean Agency			

Plans of steamers, sailings and rates on application.

North German Lloyd Services

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
New twin screw regular ships 12 noon.

Welmars April 29 Bremen June 10
H. H. Meier May 6 Koenigin Luise June 17
Koenigin Luise May 13 Barbarossa June 24
Prinz Reg. Luipold Prinz Reg. Luipold, July 1
Friedr. der Grosse June 3
Saloon, \$75; second saloon, \$42.50 upward.

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
Express ships 10 a.m.

Trave Apr. 27 Sall May 18
Lahn May 4 Trave May 25
Havel May 11 Lahn June 1
Saloon, \$100; second saloon, \$45 upward.

New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa weekly.

Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE
NEW YORK-SOUTHAMPTON (London-Paris)
St. Louis Apr. 21 May 12
Paris Apr. 28 May 19
St. Paul May 5 May 26

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK-ANTWERP
FRIEDLAND Wednesday, April 7, noon
Wednesday, April 14, noon

International Navigation Company
Pier 14, North River. Office, 6 Bowling Green, N. Y.
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RIVER RAIL

Anecdotal.

Three different waiters at a hotel asked a prim, precise little professor at dinner if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked the question, "Is it compulsory?" "No, sir," answered the waiter: "I think it's mock-turtle."

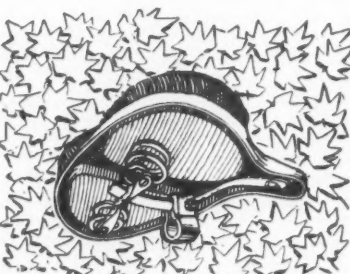
Lord Roberts once owed his life to a lucky accident. The horse he was riding reared on its haunches just in time to receive a bullet in its head, which otherwise must have ended the career of its rider. This item should be posted up in every livery stable in Canada.

One well known and decidedly inartistic quality of Lord Leighton's was his punctuality. He was once in Damascus, and was urged to remain there, but he declined. His reason was that he had to be in London on a certain day because he had made an engagement with his model. A friend was anxious to learn whether Lord Leighton had actually kept this engagement, and he found that when the artist was ascending the staircase straight from Damascus, the model was knocking at the door of the studio.

During the progress of the famous Beecher-Fulton trial, the celebrated preacher was reading the editorial comments in the *Star*. "I wish Dana would not say such severe things about me," he said. Eli Perkins, who was in the room, remarked that Mr. Dana had recently declared in a lecture that it was right and proper to publish in a newspaper anything the Lord permitted to happen. "Dana goes beyond the Lord," said Beecher. "He publishes things that the Lord didn't permit to happen."

The Count Saint Germain, who appeared in

Have you seen
The New Christy
Spiral Spring
Model for '97?



Bicycle dealers who will disparage the best bicycle saddle of the age—for no other reason than they haven't it in stock—may reasonably be expected to crack up a very poor wheel, for no other reason than that they have it on hand and want to get rid of it. No dealer is expected to push the Christy Bicycle Saddle—if he don't want to do so. It's the saddle that has won its way up to the highest popularity on its known and tried merits, and the stupidity of the dealer who will disparage the Christy Saddle, or hesitate to furnish it when a customer asks for it, is too transparent to deceive buyers. People who know a good thing when they see it are not slow in sizing up other things—saddles, wheels, bicycle dealers and everything else. We supply all Canada with the Christy Anatomical Bicycle Saddles.

THE HAROLD A. WILSON CO.

35 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Paris in the reign of Louis XV. and pretended to be possessed of the elixir of life, had a valet who was almost as great as his master in the art of lying. Once, when the Count was describing at a dinner-party a circumstance which occurred at the court of "his friend" King Richard I. of England, he appealed to his servant for the confirmation of his story, who, with the greatest composure, replied, "You forget, sir, I have been only five hundred years in your service." "True," said his master, musingly, "it was a little before your time."

A well dressed, distinguished-looking gentleman entered the Treasury building in Washington the other day, and politely asked for Secretary Gage. "Can't see him," brusquely returned the private secretary. "He's busy and must not be disturbed," and he relapsed into profound thought, totally ignoring the caller. "May I trouble you to hand Mr. Gage my card when he is at leisure?" politely interrupted the visitor. "Certainly, sir," said the secretary, taking the card, but not looking at it. It occurred to him to do so shortly after the distinguished-looking caller had left, and he read the name, "Garrett A. Hobart." He relapsed once more into thought, and a neat note of explanation and apology was subsequently sent to the Vice-President.

During the flood of five years ago (says a writer in the *Chicago Times-Herald*), I visited the section below Memphis with a newspaper artist. One afternoon we were perched on the top of a bit of highland viewing the waste of waters when an old negro, approached and offered to sell two fine roosters. With great volubility he explained that the fowls had eaten so much corn that he could not afford to keep them longer, and therefore he had decided to sacrifice them and stop the drain on his corn-crib. "Where did you get them, uncle?" I asked. The old man looked at us quizzically for a moment and then said with a chuckle, "Yo' gemmen are from the No'th, ain't vo'?" "Well, yes," I replied, "but what has that to do with it?" "Becuz, sah," he said, "no Southern gemman evah asks a niggah whah he gits anything."

In County Sligo there is a small lake renowned for its fabulous depth. A professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer and started out one day for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed, Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr." "But how do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor. "Well, sorr, I'll tell ye; me own cousin was shovin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said, 'Begorra, I'll prove the truth of me words,' and off with his clothes and in he jumped." The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression. "Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again, at all, at all." "But," said the professor, "I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself." "Sure, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was; the next day comes a cable from him in Australia, askin' to send on his clothes."

Between You and Me.

ONE of the factors which occasionally pop into the sum of life, as we go adding up its columns from day to day, might be called the friends of our friends. Those persons who share our friends with us; who influence them for or against us; who embody our admirations or our detestations in themselves, and with such qualities combat or enforce our own good or bad influences over those we love and value. Do you say, "Oh! I haven't a bad influence over anyone, Lady Gay!" How do you know? Did you never advise a friend unwisely, even with the best intentions? Did you never say, "I wouldn't stand it!" and scatter the much tried patience you should have conserved and strengthened? Much as I love my friends, I don't care to say that I am always satisfied with my influence over them. And this makes me think sometimes with curious mistrust of the possible power of the friends of my friends, and wonder how it guides any life in which I am interested. Many of us have dear friends who have come to us out of the hurly-burly, and come alone, so far as we can see, but bringing with them into our lives flavors of things unknown, from daily association with people whose lives are differently set to music from ours, whose development may be far ahead or far behind our own. One who is sensitive soon feels this in an uplifting, delightful and helpful, or a depression and burden of conflict and discouragement. Often it may be ours, if we be brave and strong, to drive out some abiding memory of baneful influence by our present courage and good faith. Suppose a friend comes to us with a mind full of trouble at scandal or wrongdoing, and we meet him or her with cheery confidence in human nature, with philosophical content that everything passes away but the good, and that one has to-morrow to live after to-day. Don't you see how such companionship will loose the burden from the tired heart and set a bonded soul free to believe, and love, and live more happily? But alas! too often the sore heart meets the mistrustful and doubting one, and each makes the other worse instead of better. The friends of our friend may be jealous of our friendship, as often happens when they move in different circles and not, perhaps, such select ones. Then our friend comes doubtfully, and our hand-clasps are less heartily returned, and a mist comes over the clear shining, and we maybe lay it to our friend's fault instead of to the friends of our friend. Or it may be the other way, and our friend may be cool and a trifle patronizing because of some disparaging remark or criticism which has met mention of us in exalted circles to which our friend has an entire denial to us. One never knows, one can only guess, how much comfort or how much unhappiness one can safely credit to the friends of one's friend.

Last Sunday evening two of us happened into one of the city churches where a good hundred of little maids are housed, and cared for and taught. "Come and see the pretty dears asleep," said

the matron, and we ambled upstairs to the nursery, where rows of little beds, with each a small bumpy pillow in the middle, were ranged row after row. There was every kind of girl-baby, fat and lean, pale and rosy, and they had struck the queerest attitudes and fashions of repose. One little creature had wrapped herself completely in the sheet, and lay a swathed mummy, head completely bound, and goodness knows how she got any breath. When we unrolled her she was fiery red and very hot. Another had turned on her face, with a pert little nose burrowed in the pillow. "She's only pretending to sleep," said the wise old matron, and one eyelid twitched open the least flicker as the little scamp turned out of her smothering nest. But the queen baby was a picture. One lovely plump arm flung around her head: long lashes resting dark on the pink soft cheeks; a perfect little Cupid bow of a mouth; a broad chest softly rising and falling in deep, full, strong breaths; grace in every line and beauty in every feature. No wonder we two and the matron stood long beside her crib. She looked pure, and sweet, and perfect enough to have awakened in Paradise. An inoffensive tot was dubbed the biggest fighter in the company by the matron, and horrible tales were told us of a scrap on that same Sabbath, when this baby had gone for a small chum and tried to punch out her eye. As they were hopped up by deft hands one murmured, and one smiled, and one nestled close to the fostering hands, each wee girl dreaming perhaps of the mother hands which they should feel no more. And so we left them, with hearts touched marvelously, and the picture of that queen baby to bless our memories and make us understand what the pride and joy of her mother might have been.

"Three things mar one's peace and comfort," said a wise woman to me the other day. "They are ambition, insincerity and debt. You want more than you have, then you assume more than you possess, and then you own more than you can pay for, and then you have lost peace and comfort. There are loads of people hereabouts who are just in that fix," and the wise woman shut her glasses with a snap and shrugged her shoulders over such a state of things. Frankly, I want more than I have, perhaps not in material things, but surely otherwise. As to the assumption and the debts, they don't worry me. Both are so evidently whips for my own back that I will none of them, which the wise woman knows or perhaps she had not aired her wisdom.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

OMEGA.—A breezy, bright nature, ingratiating and at the same time frank and honest; thought is quick and intuition strong; some ambition and a generally buoyant and adaptable frame of mind. You should certainly rise and shine, my dear; you have both the will and the power.

PERPLEXITY.—No danger but you'll soon find employment. Such a fine study! You are ambitious, tenacious, refined and steady as a rock; not a mean or paltry thing about you. I should think any place of trust and responsibility would be suited to you. There is no invention, adaptability or sense of humor shown; all serious, practical, conservative and largely fitted for beaten paths. I am quite sure you are a lady in every instinct.

SANDY.—You are as open to gentle influence as you can be. A cautious Scot, all the same, with a nature diffusive more than strong on any one tack; easy-going; not given to fret or fume; sensitive to beauty and fond of nice surroundings. I don't like the way your final string out into a mere thread; generally your will and purpose might do the same. Yours is quite an interesting type, but not a commanding one; neat, methodical and sensitive.

BON.—I did not think you were a boy, and I am sure you're a nice sort of girl. Hope I shall meet you on those nice roads some day. You look out for a '37 Cleveland with an old person upon it who looks as if she belonged there. 2. Your writing shows bright, hopeful and very immature lines. You are yet a child so far as development of distinctive traits goes, but the lines promise well; if you learn to think more and talk less you will grow the quicker. I don't mean this in censure. You are not indiscreet and you



"Hey, Fatty."
"What's that?"
"What's that joke you are always getting off about my being so thin?"—N. Y. Truth.

are honest, good-tempered and kind; but it would be quite unfair to dissect your lines.

LIB.—I. If you don't mind, I'll study the one you did not prepare—its lines are much freer, and your writing can just as well be studied by three lines as a dozen, just as you can be known as well in a week as in a century. You are one of the easy ones! 2. You are energetic, buoyant, aspiring and apt to feel rather keenly a reverse. Cautious and haphazard by turns, averse to sentiment, very unimpressionable, fond of arguing a thing out, with good sequence of ideas, a fine temper and a high sense of right. You have imagination and certain magnetism. Should think you might make a good speech.

ALANA.—I. Yes, my friend, I have burned many a candle over a game that was not worth it! I am glad, not because of the waste of wax, but because I have found out the relative values of the two things. I never grudge the candles! But I do hate to see other people burning good ones over the games I have found worthless, and not also being made wise before the candles go out in their sockets. That's where the shoe pinches. If we learn, no matter how, to know the true from the false, we have gained, but the cost the whole world. 2. You are gentle, but ambitious, with many an aspiration and bright and clear perception; some wasted force goes in theorizing, but you have imagination, enterprise, sense of beauty and harmony, good self-esteem, consecutive thought and a very agreeable temper. You are alive to all good influences, but you need a curbing and concretizing to make you as fine as you might be. Really your nice remarks almost blunt my perceptions.

G. R. P.—I. I append your theory of the origin of the Irish language for the benefit of my compatriots: "During the process of the building of the tower of Babel, a man walking beneath one of the scaffolds happened to look up to answer some question from a comrade on the scaffold. Just as he was in the act of opening his mouth a piece of mortar fell in it. The sound the man made trying to get the mortar out are said to be the foundation of the Irish tongue." If such were the interesting facts I wonder what fell into French and German mouths. 2. Your writing shows marked impulse, quick and erratic, great perseverance, and with all your haste quite a fine eye for small details. You have energies and opinions, strong and emphatic, generous views and more philanthropy than you get credit for. Would perhaps be sometimes called a crank on account of peculiar methods. In matters of the heart you may easily be unreliable. I should like to know the day and month of your birth, for there are things conflicting in your study. Bright mentality and much originality are shown.

"Rev. Mr. Shutemoff is a great lover of liberty. He says so himself." "Oh, yes," said the man who wants Sunday baseball, "he loves it so that he wants it all himself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.



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Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer. The stock-raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Those desiring full information on the subject, particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King Street East, Toronto.

Corporal Salvation Army—Will you come in and join us, my friend? Weary Walker—Say, I don't think much of youse people, but I ain't in a position to refuse to drink with any one who asks me. Lead the way, cap!—Puck.

Mexico Welcomes the Medicos.

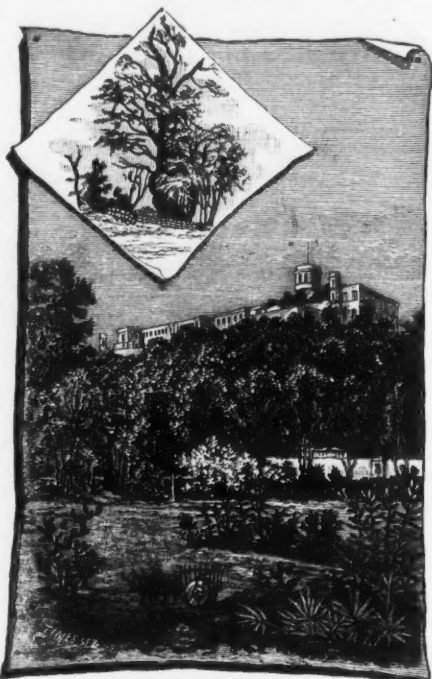
A Toronto Lady in Mexico Describes the Splendor of the Social Functions in Honor of the Pan-American Medical Council.

I HAVE been told by a correspondent that not a line has appeared in any of the Toronto papers descriptive of the magnificent entertainments given for the visiting physicians of the Pan-American Medical Council. It seems strange, as never before have the citizens of this city made an effort to entertain foreigners. Mexicans are not as a rule fond of entertaining strangers, but on this occasion the medical men of this city and citizens generally vied with each other in paying their distinguished visitors every attention. Drs. Nunez, Lawson, Liceaga and Labista were ably assisted by the fraternity.

Many physicians and their wives arrived to attend the council. They came from all parts of the two Americas, and were met by members of a committee some distance up the different lines of railways and escorted to the different hotels. We were sorry to find Canada only represented by a few, Montreal having the majority of representatives—Sir William Hingston, Drs. Backadder, LaChapelle and Cameron. Toronto, I heard, had only one, more's the pity.

The days were given up to science, reading papers on various subjects of interest, exhibitions in surgery, etc. The evenings were set apart for social duties. The first public reception took place in the "Teatro Nacional," where addresses were made by the President of this Republic and other prominent men, welcoming the distinguished visitors and their families. The building was elaborately decorated for the occasion and was filled with the beauty and fashion of Mexico. Many of the dresses were beautiful, and diamonds flashed in the black hair of many dark-eyed Senoritas. Mexican ladies love dress and jewels, and never miss an occasion to don their war-paint. Music enlivened the proceedings, which would otherwise have been dull, as one-half the audience did not understand what one-half the speakers said. This formal reception over, a more enjoyable one followed the next evening in the Palacio Municipal. This was given on a truly royal scale. The building itself is historic, being built on the site of the headquarters of the Aztec army. A row of portales run along the face, in the center of which is the grand entrance. The staircase leading to the reception rooms was immensely wide, and was banked with palms and gorgeous tropical plants, which made the air heavy with perfume. The ceilings of most of the rooms were made of leaves strung together and making a network overhead which gave a novel and pretty effect; the walls were decorated with stars, crowns and wreaths of natural flowers, with the flags of all nations draped everywhere in honor of the guests of the evening. We managed to get through the crush and stood for a few moments watching those who attempted to dance. Few but Mexicans would have had the courage, but

The next afternoon the President and Madame Diaz gave a reception at Chapultepec to the visitors. A number of street cars had been decorated and stood in the Zocalo awaiting the guests, who arrived in carriages. When all were seated our train started, taking us to the gates of the Castle, where carriages waited to drive up the winding ascent to the grand entrance. Chapultepec is built on a huge rock which once was an island in Lake Texcoco, and commands one of the finest views in Mexico, many think in the world. The two beautiful volcanoes and lovely valley lay before us, and we lingered a moment to look, but were compelled to proceed to the grand "Sala," where the President and his wife were waiting. Madame Diaz is a lovely woman of the Spanish type of beauty. She is in mourning and wore a black dress sparkling with jet. It must have been an ordeal to shake hands with so many, but none were omitted, and as each name was announced the President gave them a good straight look. They say he is a good judge of character; I should think nothing could escape his keen eye, and he has a good face, a face to trust. May he long be President of this Republic! They were assisted by Madame



CHAPULTEPEC CASTLE, MEXICO.

Tree of Noche Triste, beneath which Cortez wept after a defeat.

Comacho, the wife of the Mayor, and the two daughters of President Diaz, Madame Amada Diaz de la Torre and Senorita Leiz Diaz. After being received we ascended the grand staircase to the stone terrace, on which all the private rooms open. Many of the visitors were of an enquiring mind, and made a point of inspecting everything, even the President's bedroom. In the patio a sumptuous table was laid, decorated with rare plants and flowers, and loaded with everything to satisfy the inner man or woman.

After the reception was over the President and Madame Diaz mingled with the guests. The latter conversed in English, but Gen. Diaz does not speak, though he understands it very well. The music was, as usual, very good, and it was not until it was growing dusk that we took our leave.

Perhaps the most enjoyable entertainment was the ball given by the Jockey Club, the most exclusive in Mexico. For one night their doors were thrown open and the members were most attentive to their guests, who appreciated their lavish hospitality. The Jockey Club building was once the home of a wealthy Mexican lady who spent money so freely that she was remarkable even in this country. It is said that she built this of tiles because someone remarked that they would be too expensive for building purposes. The outside walls are almost covered with tiles of different colors in patterns, and must have cost a mint of money. The rooms are very large and are built around a patio, where one of the three bands played all evening. Two other string bands supplied the dance music, which was exquisite. Many of the prettiest girls in Mexico were present, and dancing was kept up till an early hour in the morning. Madame Diaz was not present, as she is in mourning, but many prominent Mexican ladies were present with their husbands, and assisted the members in making the evening pleasant for the strangers from distant lands.

It is proposed to hold the third and next



Viewing the Strangers.



President Diaz.

they are so fond of dancing that they dance anywhere and till the early morning.

I noticed the "Danza" as being the favorite dance; it is slow, something like a waltz, with frequent change of *vis-a-vis*. I thought it very graceful and pretty.

As the crowd grew greater we went to inspect the supper-room, which we had heard was unique. It was on the ground floor and was reached by a low, winding passage like the approach to a cave. There was very little light in this entrance, the walls of which were of canvas, representing piled up rocks, and sparkling with frost. As we walked on, admiring, we suddenly entered a veritable cave, the walls of which sparkled and gleamed, white and beautiful, with a silvery frost. Many huge stalactites hung from the ceiling. It was difficult to imagine how such a fairy-like scene could have been created in the center of a building, in the very heart of a large city. The patios of buildings in Mexico lend themselves readily to any sort of entertainment, and this was one of the most realistic transformations I have ever seen off the stage. So weird and unreal was it that we stood entranced, watching the dusky-skinned natives flitting in and out of the arches which here and there could be seen near the roof, carrying out the artist's idea of a gallery in a cave.

The tables were laid around three sides, beautifully decorated with flowers and laden with every delicacy that Mexico could offer to the most fastidious. Many strange foreign fruits met the eye, and curious Mexican dishes which seemed to meet the approval of the medical fraternity, though whether they will prescribe them for their patients is another question. All good things come to an end, so we drove home after admiring the beautiful illuminations on the face of the great Cathedral, which is just opposite the Palacio Municipal.

same advantages of seeing everything from the best possible point of view or with greater ease than the second Pan-American Medical Council. City of Mexico, April 2. MARGARITA.

The Wrong Man.

Ottawa Journal.

The story goes that the Minister of Public Works had to deal with a hard one a day or two ago while in the Slater building on Sparks street, temporarily occupied by the Public Works Department. On arriving at his office early in the morning the Minister noticed a man sitting in the corridor reading the morning paper. Mr. Tarte asked him what he was doing.

"I'm reading the paper," was the reply. "Can't you find anything else to do around the building so early in the morning?" remarked the Minister.

"No, sir, I can't."

"Is that what we are paying you for?" demanded Mr. Tarte, a little annoyed.

"That's a matter of opinion."

"Do you know who I am?" said Mr. Tarte.

"I don't, and I don't give a d—, anyway."

"I am Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works. Go to the office and get your cheque. You are dismissed."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," replied the gentleman with the newspaper calmly, adding:

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Mr. Tarte, "and I don't care to know, either."

"Well, I'll tell you all the same," said the other. "I am the caretaker of the Capital Amateur Athletic Club upstairs."

Education in Arkansas.

Bazar.

One cannot be surprised at the slow progress of education in certain parts of Arkansas, where a visitor to that State recently heard a rural school teacher say to his pupils:

"Come, come, young uns, can't you set up a little more erecter?"

And when a tardy pupil came in and left the door slightly ajar, the teacher said sharply:

"You go back and shev that there door shet!" after which he said apologetically to the visitor:

"I try to learn 'em manners, but it's durned uphill work."

A Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in consumption, then sometime only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

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and Hudson River is America's greatest railroad and is the route of the Empire State Express, the fastest train in the world. Toronto people can leave their city, if they must leave such a beautiful place, at 9 a.m., get a parlor car through to Buffalo without change, arrive Buffalo 12:30. The Empire leaves at 1 p.m. This gives you thirty minutes to make sure connection, get lunch if desired, and the change is made in Union Station at Buffalo. After you are on the Empire you just get there—Rochester before you know it, 2:23; the salt sheds at Syracuse, 3:54; Utica, at 5:02; Albany, 6:32; and New York, 10 p.m., only four stops and four hundred and forty miles and practically a daylight ride from Toronto to New York and only one change of cars. There is no extra fare to ride on this train. The ordinary tickets bought from your local agent, if it reads N. Y. C., is good on this train. If you want more information or a time table or a little book about New York city write H. Parry, General Agent N. Y. C. & H. R. R., 300 Main street, Buffalo.

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There is no escaping the fact that Eczema is one of the most intractable of diseases. Its symptoms are so severe and the irritation it causes so great that a sufferer would gladly give anything, do anything, to get relief.

Physicians are often at their wit's end to know what to do with cases of this nature, and in all kindness we would advise them to prescribe for their patients Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. So far we know of ten medical men who have either used it or recommended it.

In the city of London, Ont., at 440 Park Ave., there lives Mrs. Burdick, who is today a grateful woman for having been cured by Kootenay of an Eczema of five years' standing. The disease had spread all over her body and was a constant source of irritation, so much so that she was unable to obtain more than one hour's sleep at a time. She had three physicians in attendance and took many patent medicines, but none of them cured her.

After taking eight bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure her blood became pure and she has not the slightest sign of Eczema or any other eruption on her body.

Another lady, Mrs. Richards, living at 28 Aikman Ave., Hamilton, had a somewhat similar experience. For two months she was unable to rest night or day with the awful itching and pain. Medical men failed to cure her, but four bottles of Kootenay did, and she now says the Eczema has entirely disappeared and she feels like another person.

We could multiply instances like the above, and if you are desirous of further indisputable proof of Kootenay's Kingship over disease, send your name to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Phenological chart book sent free to any address.

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Wafers, by mail, 60c. and \$1 per box, 6 large boxes, \$5. Soap, 60c. per cake. Address all orders to H. B. FOULDS, 144 Yonge St., Toronto. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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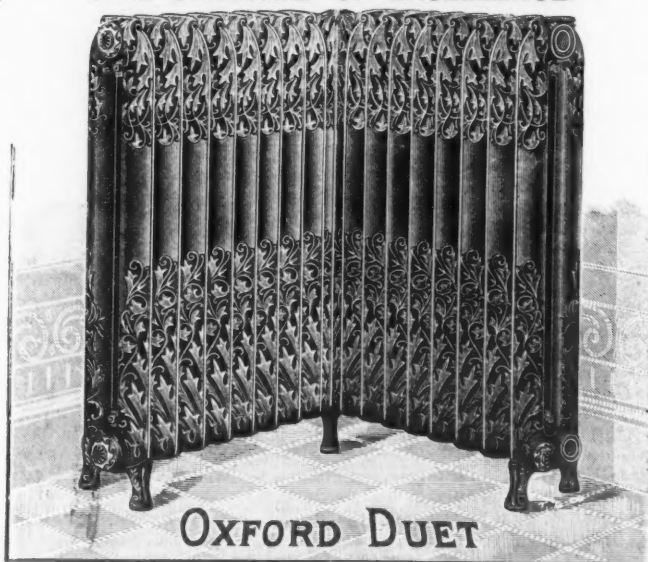
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EVERY CAN DIGEST HOT BISCUITS MADE WITH IT

In His Memory.

An original individual of Mons, who during his lifetime was fond of good living, has just died leaving a legacy of \$3,000 to five friends under the following conditions: The legacy must be spent on dinners served in different restaurants, and the deceased has stipulated that at each meal a certain special dish and particular wine, of which he was very fond, shall be served, and that at dessert his memory shall be drunk. Furthermore, the five companions must dine in black clothes and black gloves, and must enter the dining-room preceded by a flag and the music of an accordion. The first dinner took place at Brussels recently, and the

injunctions were carried out to the letter. Of the five friends two are from Brussels, one from Antwerp, one from Mons and one from Charleroi.

Following the Kootenai River.

The Kootenai Mining District extends on both sides of the international boundary line. The largest development is in Kaslo, Slocan, Nelson and Trail-Rossland divisions, but the Fort Steele and American divisions have rich properties. The Great Northern Railway follows the Kootenai River for 62 miles with mines in sight from the car windows. That road has issued a map showing the entire district. Apply to or write H. G. McMicken, general agent, 2 King street east, Toronto.

Music.

THE sixth annual concert of the Toronto Orchestral School, which was held on Monday evening last, proved one of the most successful entertainments ever given by this thriving organization. A large and sympathetic audience was in attendance, and Mr. Torrington, the conductor, has every reason to feel gratified at the hearty manner in which the efforts of the orchestra were recognized by those present. The programme selected was well calculated to display the efficiency of the organization, and in most of its work the playing of the orchestra was remarkably effective, several of the numbers showing to advantage the careful training which had been imparted to the members in the rehearsals of the past winter. The assisting soloists were: Miss Susie Heron, soprano; Miss Eileen Millet, soprano; Miss Warden, soprano; Miss Winnifred Skeath Smith, violin; Miss Lillian Porter, piano; Miss Lois Winlow, cello; Mr. Henry Jordan, cornet; Mr. James Richardson, tenor, and Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, basso. All of these were very successful in their respective numbers, and recalls and encores were quite the order of the evening. Special mention should be made of the brilliant piano playing of Miss Porter (a young pupil who bids fair to make her mark as a piano soloist) and of the admirable singing of another young student, Miss Millet, both pupils of Mr. Torrington. Both of these performers were accorded genuine ovations. The violin playing of Miss Smith and the cello playing of Miss Winlow were among the successes of the evening, both young ladies giving many evidences of unusual talent and of thorough training at the hands of their respective teachers, namely, Mr. John Bayley and Herr Rudolf Ruth. Mr. Jordan's cornet solo was also much enjoyed, and the concert generally was but another indication of the excellence of much of our amateur talent, and of the success which has been attending local efforts in the sphere of elementary orchestral work.

The concert given in Massey Hall on Wednesday evening of last week by Mr. Plunket Greene, the popular English baritone; Madame Van der Veer Green, contralto, and Rudolf Von Scarpa, proved one of the most artistic and thoroughly enjoyable events of the kind held in the city this season. At no previous appearance in Toronto has Mr. Greene sung with such splendid effect as on this occasion. His songs, which embraced a charming variety of standard works of the French, German, English, Scotch and Irish schools, were rendered in a manner which revealed in a remarkable degree the eminent singer's great versatility and broad musicianship. Seldom has a singer been heard in Toronto who has combined in his singing such beauty and control of voice and so much charm and sentiment as well as dramatic power in his interpretations. Needless to say, he was most enthusiastically received. Madame Van der Veer Green was also in excellent voice and sang with great success several well contrasted groups of ballads. Particularly striking was her rendering of the famous Scotch ballad, Loch Lomond, which gained for her tumultuous applause. The pianist, Herr Von Scarpa, played two movements of the Ruff Suite, Op. 109, and Liszt's Rhapsody, No. 14. He also played the accompaniments during the evening and proved himself, although not by any means a soloist of great attainments, nevertheless a painstaking and well schooled performer. The frequent encores to which all the performers were obliged to respond, somewhat unnecessarily prolonged a programme which had originally been admirably conceived as to length as well as in every other respect.

The directors of the Conservatory of Music have finally completed arrangements for the removal of that thriving institution to more commodious and convenient quarters. As has already been intimated in these columns, the fine property at the south-west corner of College street and University avenue has been purchased, and plans are now being prepared by the architect to alter the present buildings and add a handsome concert hall, the latter to seat about seven hundred people. The Conservatory organ, which is now in Association Hall, will be placed in the new concert hall, and I am informed that it is the intention to equip this room in the most modern manner throughout, making it in every respect a model recital chamber. Among other advantageous features in connection with the removal might be mentioned the proximity of Toronto University, with which the Conservatory is affiliated, the central location of the buildings, as well as the refined surroundings generally. The progress of our various musical educational institutions must be a matter for congratulation to all who value the influence of our music schools in the development of musical taste in this country, and their usefulness in providing equipment for the thorough education of professional musicians. It is believed by many that directly and indirectly the musical standing of the city depends more upon the character of our musical educational institutions than upon all other agencies combined. In this respect Toronto is far in advance of any other Canadian city, although in other and probably less essential features Montreal has for many years been distinctly in the lead.

A delightful *musical* was given at the residence of Mr. F. J. Phillips, Queen's Park, on Saturday afternoon last. The large attendance of prominent society and musical people completely filled the handsome and spacious drawing-rooms thrown open for the occasion, and the artistic manner in which an excellently arranged programme was carried out prompted the expression of a desire on the part of many present that a number of similarly happy conceived entertainments might be undertaken before the close of the concert season. Those participating were: Mrs. Le Grand Reed, whose brilliant soprano voice has already been mentioned in this column in connection with recent public appearances in Toronto; Mr. W. E. Rundle, the popular tenor; Mr. Percival Parker, basso; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist; Miss Mary Guenther, pianist; Mrs. J. H. Wilson and Miss Abbie M. Helmer, accompanists. All of the performers were very cordially received, and the event

generally proved a most gratifying success in every sense of the term. The Toronto Relief Society, in whose interests the *musical* was arranged, netted over one hundred dollars as a result of the clever manner in which the details of management were looked after by the committee having the matter in hand.

A piano recital will be given by advanced pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on the evening of April 28. *Appropos* of the work of Mr. Forsyth's pupils, the following letter received by him from the well known Austrian pianist, Rudolf von Scarpa, will be read with interest:

QUEEN'S HOTEL, TORONTO, April 8, '97.
MY DEAR FRIEND FORTSYTH.—I wish to express to you the pleasure I had of hearing the *musical* given by some three of your pupils this morning. I was particularly impressed with the lovely production of tone, the clearness and brilliancy of execution and the mature conception of several of the compositions played. In the beauty of touch and the balance of tone these talented pupils show the admirable methods of modern instruction and your remarkable ability as a teacher. You really have done wonderful work and it gives me sincere pleasure to congratulate you on the results you achieve. With very best regards until we meet again.

Yours very sincerely,
RUDOLF VON SCARPA.
The pupils referred to in the above letter were Miss Abbie M. Helmer, Miss Gwendolyn Roberts and Mr. Walter H. Coles.

The choir of Trinity Methodist church, at a concert given on Tuesday evening last, had an opportunity of demonstrating the commendable degree of efficiency to which it has attained in the very short time which has elapsed since the present choirmaster, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, was placed in charge of the organization. In a number of unaccompanied selections the careful oversight of a capable conductor and vocal specialist was at all times in evidence. One of the most attractive features of a well chosen programme was the excellent singing of a quartette of men's voices, composed of Messrs. Sherlock, Lee, Armstrong and Howitt. This quartette is a decided credit to the church. The programme embraced, besides the features already mentioned, selections by the S. S. orchestra and solos by members of the choir and others. Special mention should be made of the solo violin playing of Mr. Frank Blackford, one of our most gifted young musicians, who, I understand, is soon to leave for Germany for an extended course of study. Mr. J. F. Howitt in several recitations gave great enjoyment and was most enthusiastically received.

The first public lecture under the auspices of the Vocal Science Club was given on Saturday afternoon by Dr. C. E. Saunders, in the Y. W. C. A. Hall. The lecturer in a most interesting manner discussed the functions of the diaphragm in singing, and brought forward some very striking arguments in favor of the views he presented. As these were in some respects at variance with prevalent opinions concerning the subject under discussion, the lecture proved of particular interest, more especially because of the original ideas advanced. Some carefully-drawn diagrams materially aided the audience in following the more complex parts of the subject. Judging from the impression created upon the large and critical audience present on this occasion, the Vocal Science Club promises to do much good work in our midst by drawing attention to and introducing scientific methods into vocal study.

A very interesting and successful concert was given on Thursday evening of last week in the school-room of the Sherbourne street Methodist church, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Blakeley, conductor. A feature of the programme was the playing of an orchestra of forty performers, who gave the Andante from Haydn's Surprise Symphony, Haydn's Toy Symphony, and other numbers. The soloists were Mrs. J. N. McGann, Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, Mr. W. H. Robinson, Mr. W. P. R. Parker, vocalists; Mr. Arlidge, flautist, and Mr. Dinelli, violoncellist. These well known artists, it is needless to say, acquitted themselves in a varied selection of popular numbers in a manner that greatly pleased the audience and evoked enthusiastic applause. Mr. Blakeley is entitled to congratulations upon the success of the event.

At the recital in Association Hall on Friday evening of last week, the vocal numbers were given by pupils of Mr. H. N. Shaw, and they reflected great credit upon his method and ability as a teacher. Miss Lane, a Winnipeg young lady, sang Bemberg's Nymphs and Fauns in exceptionally brilliant style and with great flexibility of tone. Miss Mortimer was successful in a Wagnerian aria, which she sang sympathetically and with power. Miss Crang's sweet mezzo-soprano was heard to advantage in a ballad by Osgood, and Miss Ritchie sang He Was a Prince with fine tone and expression. Mr. Donald Herald, of the Conservatory staff, won much applause for an artistic interpretation of Ruff's Cuchouca Caprice, as did Mr. Bayley in a violin solo, the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana. The entire programme was a gratifying success.

A piano recital by pupils of Mr. Donald Herald, A.T.C.M., at the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening last attracted a large and appreciative audience. A well arranged programme, which was carried out by the performers in a manner most creditable to themselves and their capable instructor, comprised compositions by Liszt, Schubert, Tchaikowsky, Weber, Moszkowski, Gottschalk, Godard, Heller and other composers. The pupils who participated were: Misses Ray Wilson, Stella Hamilton, Edith Keffer, Georgie Macdonald, Jessie Monteith, Bertie Walden, May Stevens, Leah Walker, E. Freeman, Rosalind McKernan and Lulu Armour. Songs were rendered during the evening by Miss Ethel Johnson, Miss Louise Mather and Miss Emily McLaren, pupils of Miss H. Ethel Sherrill.

Signor Foll, the great English basso, is announced to appear in this city some time in May and will sing a number of songs appropriate to the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. He has been engaged to sing at the Royal concerts in London, which will mark the Jubilee celebration in June, but has obtained permission first to pay a flying visit to Canada. I am informed

that consent has been granted by her Majesty to his singing the patriotic odes which have been composed for the Jubilee. He will sing in only ten cities in Canada, as follows: Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria. He will not appear in the United States, as he is compelled to return to London in time for his Jubilee engagements.

One of the best praise services given in the city for some time was that held in Bloor street Baptist church on Tuesday evening last, when the choir of the church, under Mr. H. M. Fletcher's direction, rendered a very attractive programme of sacred music. Mr. Fletcher has succeeded in associating with him a choir containing a number of excellent solo singers, among whom might be mentioned Messrs. Alexander and Laurie Boyd, and Misses Magson and Doran, and others. The work of the choir in the concerted pieces and of the soloists was commendable in a high degree throughout. The authorities of the church are entitled to congratulations upon the very satisfactory musical arrangements at present existing with them.

Much interest is being felt in the approaching concert of the Toronto Philharmonic, which takes place on May 4, in Massey Hall. Gade's Erl King's Daughter will be produced, besides a number of solos, orchestral numbers, etc., in the miscellaneous part of the programme. Mr. R. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, and Miss Delta Ziegler, soprano, of Detroit, have been engaged to assist, and a successful and enjoyable concert is confidently anticipated. Music-lovers who have not subscribed as yet are advised to have their names placed on the list as early as possible, as subscribers will be entitled to first choice of seats. Lists are placed at all the music stores. Reserved seats are placed at \$1, 75c. and 50c.

Stainer's cantata, The Crucifixion, was produced with excellent effect at the Church of the Ascension on Wednesday evening of last week by the choir of the church, under Mr. Adam Dockray's direction. The choir sang with much taste and with a good body of tone in all their work. Solos were sung by Miss Fannie Morell and Messrs. W. M. Fahey, T. D. Dockray, Wm. Simpson, D. Brown, and the efficient choirmaster, Mr. Adam Dockray, all of whom acquitted themselves very creditably. Mrs. James Clark presided at the organ.

The Toronto String Quartette, Mrs. Adamson conductress, will give a concert in Association Hall on the evening of April 26. A programme of rare excellence has been arranged, in which the following soloists will be heard: Miss McMurtry, soprano; Mr. Tandy, tenor; Herr Ruth, pianist; Mr. Dinelli, cellist. Further particulars will be announced in next week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Attention is directed to the announcement on another page of a musical evening to be given by Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, on May 13 at the Guild Hall. The event will be under the patronage of Col. Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski. Several favorite artists have professed their services for the occasion. Full particulars of the programme will be announced at a later date.

At the special Easter musical service to be held in Carlton street Methodist Church tomorrow evening, Signor Delasco will sing The Resurrection Morn, by Rodney, and the celebrated basso aria from Rossini's Stabat Mater. The choir will sing Buck's Festival Te Deum and the Inflammatus from the Stabat Mater, Mrs. Massie taking the soprano obligato.

Invitations have been issued for Miss Anna Butland's piano recital, which will take place in Nordheimer's music room on Saturday afternoon, April 24th, at four o'clock. With the assistance of Mrs. Crowley an interesting programme will be rendered, comprising selections from Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt and other composers.

The Hamilton Choral Society purpose giving Handel's Messiah in the Hamilton Armoury on May 28th, with Mrs. Martin Murphy, Mrs. Bruce Wikstrom and Mr. Frederic Jenkins, and possibly Mr. Watkin Mills, as soloists. The Harris Orchestral Club has also been engaged.

The choir of West Presbyterian church, Mr. W. J. McNally organist and choirmaster, will sing Stainer's The Story of the Cross at tomorrow (Sunday) evening's Easter service.

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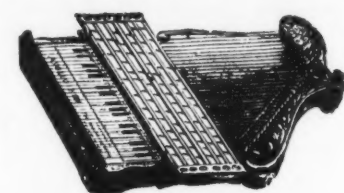
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Social and Personal.

The very sad death of Mrs. Warren of Rose-dale was a grief to many friends, and her good husband and sweet little family are deeply sympathized with in their loss.

Mr. George Bruenech is to have a sale of pictures on the afternoon of April 23, when some rare gems will be secured by purchasers.

Parliament was prorogued on Tuesday afternoon by the Acting Lieutenant-Governor. Monsieur and Madame Evanturel and their bright little niece and daughter have returned to their Eastern home.

Judge Meredith of London has been laid up for some time with bronchitis. The spring has been hard on the Judges, four or five having been ill recently. By the way, Sir William, who never was better in his life, has been credited with the ailment of his judicial relative by some erratic reporters, and telegrams and enquiries have been sent by anxious friends.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin have left on a trip to New York, Washington and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ryrie sailed on Wednesday for a two months' visit to Europe.

The Toronto Camera Club held their sixth annual exhibition of pictures last week in their club rooms and studio, corner of Gerrard and Yonge streets, and surprised their visitors with the beauty and variety of the pictures shown.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blight have taken up their residence at 43 Tranby avenue. Mrs. Blight will be at home to her many friends on Tuesday next, April 20, also on the first and third Tuesdays in each month.

Easter Time for New Garments.

You expect to don a new suit at Easter time—it's customary to have your new clothing for that time; in fact, it's a man's time for appearing in the newest, be it a neat sack suit for business, a frock suit, or a lighter overcoat. Styles are a matter of taste, and there are as many styles as there are tastes. Submitting always to a greater or less extent to the extremes in fashion, the secret of successful tailoring is to give a man exactly what he wants and have the garments well within the precincts of what's shown on plates as the up-to-date. Henry A. Taylor, the Rossin Block, is style dictator for Toronto. This fact is conceded. He makes a fine art of clothing to order, and one's always safe in going by his judgment in the matter of what's just proper. Just now the range of fine woollens carried by him for his high-class trade is complete in the minutest particular in nice, new stuffs for spring and summer wear.

The spring catalogue of the Steele, Briggs Seed Co. of this city is this year more than usually attractive. The front and back covers are splendid specimens of the lithographer's art. The catalogue contains illustrations of the different plants, bulbs, roses, ferns and so forth, handled by this firm, and is the most complete in the matter of information, prices, etc., ever issued by a Canadian firm. It is absolutely free to all who make application for the same, and every Canadian householder who is interested in the cultivation of flowers should have one.

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Wednesday, April 28th, at 3 p.m.

The pictures will be sold WITHOUT RESERVE, except a few on which an upset price is marked in the catalogue. Catalogues on application.
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Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, K.C.M.G., A.D.C.

AND

Lady Gzowski

Several favorite artists have generously proffered their services on this occasion. Full particulars will be given later.

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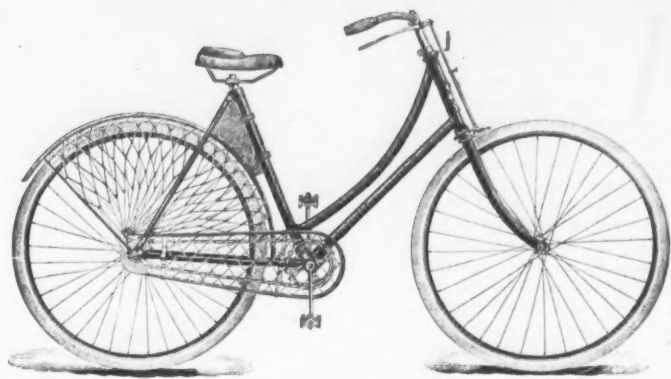
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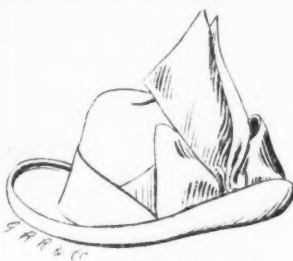
whose symmetrical beauty enhances the gracefulness of their own attitude. Improved Dress and Chain Guards and specially constructed Saddles render Clevelands not only the safest and most comfortable, but **the most hygienic bicycles yet built.**

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are marvels of mechanical skill and are without question the most perfect and easy-running ever used on a bicycle. The COLUMBIA is everywhere recognized as

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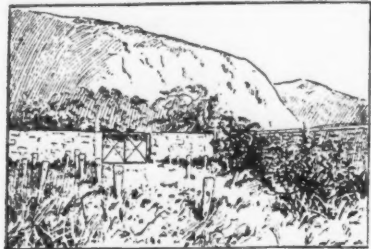
33 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO.

The Truth About the Pleasures and Tragedies of Monte Carlo.

MONTE CARLO has a wonderful situation, a fine climate, and all those delights of the Riviera which will be desirable forever. But also Monte Carlo has its Casino. Roughly speaking, the Casino is Monte Carlo; Monte Carlo is the Casino. For after all, the climate of Monte Carlo, with its soft atmosphere, and its chill evenings, is the worst of the whole Riviera, and one rather enervating than restorative. But the Casino and the glamor of its wicked attractions draw thousands every year to the little principality which so notoriously plays the function of the gambling saloon of Europe.

Every road leads to the Casino, and the little detachments of people one meets with in every street and every avenue all gravitate to swell the streams that enter the mysterious portals.

Much mystery and circumstance is made upon the admission of visitors, says the London *Daily Mail*. A card must be produced, certain questions must be answered, and a record is kept in a book. All this, however, is of no great consequence. The Casino would hardly like to undertake to vouch for the respectability of its habitués. The essential thing is that the



Suicides' Corner—As it really is.

presiding clerk takes a cursory but critical look at his visitors, and having satisfied himself that the said visitor may have money to lose, and that he is not likely to make a scene, gives him his card of admission. The first room one encounters is like the vestibule of a theater, and at any time during the day between noon and eleven o'clock at night, but especially at night, numbers of well dressed people, men and women, are strolling up and down as if during an *entr'acte*. At one end of this hall is a bar, where exorbitant prices are charged for refreshments, but which is not less well patronized on that account. The hall need not detain us, nor the concert room either, nor the reading room, nor all the other vaunted attractions where "the visitor need never see the card." All these things are flummery. The visitor did not come to Monte Carlo to avoid looking on the face of a card.

The first impression one gains in the gambling rooms is that of garish splendor and stuffy, heated atmosphere. This is especially the case at night. They never seem to ventilate the rooms. The Casino likes strict attention to business; consequently in the day time the



The Casino at Monte Carlo.

window curtains are all drawn, so that never by any chance does the visitor get a glimpse of the blue sky, and the blue sea, and the glorious sun, and the various other delights of "Nature's beauty spot" for which he has ostensibly hied him to the Riviera. All that counts for nothing in the principality. The play, the play's the thing.

The players are said generally to express no emotion, but this is not true. The emotions of hope, disgust, anxiety or greed are not violent in their display, but inasmuch as one can read, those emotions are displayed on the common-place, perspiring countenances ranged around the table. Here is a well known beautiful actress, winning, and therefore a little excited, her cheeks burning with two bright spots, her eyes shining like lamps; and she looks like a girl as she heaves now and then a deep sigh. It is much more exciting to win than to lose. It is also more rare. Here is a stolid Jewish money-lender, playing and losing, and his countenance betrays nothing more than a half-hearted smile—such as a boxer is bound in duty to show when he gets a nasty blow in the ribs. Respectable matrons find a place for their young daughters with the loose, flowing locks, and hand them money to gamble. They have an idea that innocence is a kind of "mascot." They will desert a table when they have been losing, and try another.

Here is a sage diplomatist who is scanning

the card on which a friend has marked the results of the "red" and the "black." The diplomatist is trying to find some kind of regular order in their occurrence.

"How very singular," he mutters, puts on his napoleons and loses.

And the suicides?

I searched for those suicides, but Monte Carlo has an exaggerated reputation. To those who do not gamble it is a disappointing place and a dull place. I strolled about the beautiful, but distressingly artificial gardens. There were stunted palms there and pale orange-trees, but no suicides. On the steps of the Casino entrance there were no corpses, and on the picturesque and artificially romantic bridge which spans the little creek that runs into the blue Mediterranean there were no melodramatic leaps and no mangled remains.

The plain truth is that even for wickedness Monte Carlo is a grossly overrated resort. Quarrels at the table are frequent enough—low, sordid quarrels over the ownership of three or four gold pieces. I have seen highly respectable looking people—ladies as well as gentlemen—wrangling, and muttering, and arguing, and implicitly accusing each other of petty theft. When these quarrels become too loud or troublesome to the game, one of the officials intervenes and tries to smooth matters. At the worst, he pays both parties and, if necessary, gives orders for the suspected one not to be readmitted. In addition to these incidents the picking of pockets is not uncommon, and it is such scenes that sometimes break the monotony of play at Monte Carlo and give a glimpse of the elements that compose its brilliant society, and these scenes are far more dreaded by the Casino authorities than suicides. The suicides are hushed up, you may say. It would be impossible to do this, and, moreover, it has been found that a few suicides every season improve business.

Most of the people who go there play moderately. Others who go there to play heavily lay out a certain sum for gambling, just as they would lay aside a certain sum for any other kind of enjoyment. They pay for their flushed countenances and the anxious tremors of the nerves, and they are as content to pay for that as the drunkard is content to pay for his brandy.

Of course, in nearly all cases the careful player or the plunger is carried on beyond his original intention. And in that case he has only one sheet anchor, the necessity of staking cash on the table. If the player be an impressionable individual—let us say an impetuous young Russian nobleman—he broods on his losses; he persuades himself he is unlucky all round; he is noisily gay at dinner that evening; he retires late; and in the early gray of the morning he blows out his brains. Likewise an embezzling clerk, who has taken a plunge and lost money, may blow out his brains, or a commercial traveler who has played with money that belonged to his firm. These cases have of late become so rare that the Casino authorities make no attempt whatever to hush them up. On the contrary, they regard them rather as a good advertisement. The maximum of any year at Monte Carlo was, I believe, thirteen. The average number of suicides attributable to gaming there, is perhaps seven. Lately the average has been less. Since the



Suicides' Corner—As it is usually painted.

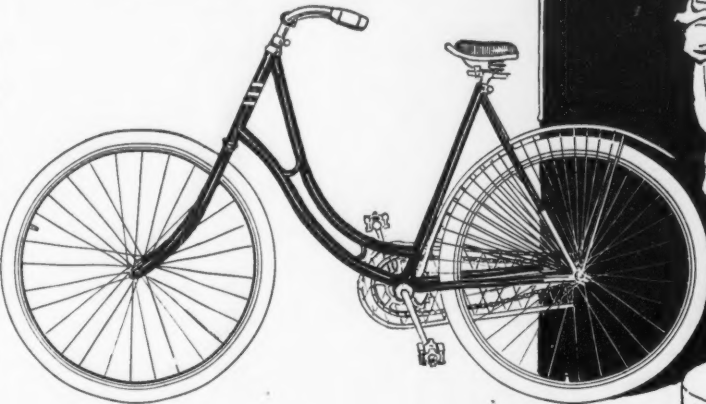
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FOR THE STOMACH'S SAKE

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Make you eat three meals a day, enjoy them and sleep nights.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS 50c. PER BOX. 6 FOR \$2.50, OR BY MAIL BY ADDRESSING THE DODD'S MEDICINE CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

Books and Authors.

THE admirers of Dr. Jakeway of Stayner will be interested to learn that he has at last published a collection of his best known poems. The volume, which will be on sale shortly, bears the title *The Lion and the Lilies, A Tale of the Conquest and Other Poems*. Among these others are: *Death of Brock*, *Burial of Tecumseh*, *Father Daniel's Last Mass*, *Laura Secord*, *Rest*, and *The Capture of Fort Detroit*, all of which illustrate Dr. Jakeway in his happiest style. They are stirring and strong, especially the ones on martial subjects, and the material is all Canadian.

Briggs is the publisher and the price will be \$1 post paid.

Mr. Arthur Pearson is starting a daily paper called the *Daily American*, in the interest of all Americans in England and on the Continent. The first number will be issued about the middle of May. A daily supply of news from America has been arranged for, the idea being to give readers the whole of the information contained in the American journals, boiled down and put into a readable form, so that no matter from what part of the States a person hails, he will obtain fresh news of interest to him.

The publishers of the *Province*, Victoria, B. C., are issuing a series of maps of the different mining districts of British Columbia. Each district is taken separately and a variety of information in connection therewith is bound in the booklet with the map. The whole forms a complete, useful and convenient folder.

Massey's for April contains an article on The Philipians, with illustrations from pho-

graphs, by Charles H. Howard; *Famine Stricken India*, also with illustrations, and a map showing the parts of the country affected; an interview with Barrie and How Bateese *Came Home*, a poem in French-Canadian English, by W. H. Drummond, M.D. There are a number of reproductions of amateur photographs, some of which possess the effect of paintings, and several short stories.

Another collection of poems to be issued by Briggs is that of Mr. John Stuart Thomson, a native of Montreal, now residing in New York. Mr. Thomson has long been a contributor to the magazines, and he has been prevailed upon to collect the best of his verse for publication in book form. *Estabell and Other Verse* will in all probability be the title of a very attractive little book.

The *Canadian Magazine* comes out mildly resplendent in an impressionistic cover this month. It is an unusually bright number inside also. It contains a very interesting article on Nansen by Fritz Hope, with illustrations by F. H. Bridgen. David Christie Murray discusses on Rudyard Kipling in his own trenchant manner, while Donald McCaig writes appreciatively of Alexander McLachlan. There are six complete short stories, and the illustrations are excellent throughout the magazine.

Studio and Gallery

"The easel picture, originally just a portable bit of colored wall as it were, has so utterly lost any organic connection with building that its only possible part in the architectural scheme corresponds to the view through a window, so that easel methods must be unlearned, and other laws than those which concern painting alone must be sympathetically deferred to if mural art is again to live among us. Everybody knows what Puvis de Chavannes has done in France, and how adequately he has caught up and continued the best tradition."

Sir Frederic Leighton's frescoes Peace and War at South Kensington, though on a different level, have identified a prominent name with the mural movement, and the decorations of St. Paul's by Mr. Richmond, and Manchester Town Hall by Ford Maddox Brown, are public recognitions of this almost disused art. But while the revival in France and England is watched with general interest, the public seem hardly to know that in Scotland, Edinburgh is as busy making art history on her walls as Glasgow is busy making it on her easels. The above is quoted from the introductory remarks of an article in the April *Studio* on Mural Decoration in Scotland, which deals principally with the work of two Scotch artists, Mr. John Duncan and Mr. Charles H. Mackie, whose friezes and panels form a large part of the decoration of Ramsay Garden (which is partly a university settlement and partly a residential rendezvous for choice literary and artistic spirits) on Castle Hill, Edinburgh.

A mistake was made recently as to the last lecture of the course at the Woman's Art Association studio, the programme having been somewhat transposed. Chancellor Wallace of McMaster last week gave the closing lecture on The Tribute of Christian Art to Our Lord, a subject suited to the Lenten season and admirably treated from both a literary and an artistic standpoint. Professor Fraser presided in place of Professor Loudon, who was unavoidably detained. At the meeting of the Association last week, votes of thanks were passed to preceding lecturers, and an acknowledgment made of Mr. Bain's great kindness in arranging two art evenings for the members of the Association at the Public Library, when the beautiful works on art and artists were shown. The Saturday sketch class is discontinued for the summer, and a committee was appointed to arrange for out-of-door sketching for the spring and early summer. Madame Laurier of Ottawa and Lady Tilly of St. John, N.B., became honorable patronesses of the Association, and Mrs. Dignam a life member. Some of the pieces of the historical china dinner set, which the Association is preparing, are on view at J. Wilson & Co.'s, Sparks street, Ottawa, and Mrs. Thompson is now in that city looking after the interests of these ceramics. Of this delegation we hope to hear further.

The Ladies' Art League of Rosedale held their annual meeting for the election of officers last week, and the fact brings before us again the high and well defined aim of this organization, which is, to provide elevating and artistic surroundings in the schoolrooms of our city, and more especially in the poorer districts, where these things are unlikely to be seen at home. Contributions or loans of paintings, engravings, plaster casts, or other objects of art will be gladly received by the League, and, in order to accomplish the greatest amount of good, these will be sent from school to school. The plan has been tried with great success elsewhere.

The author of The Gentle Art of Making Enemies has again been amusing the world with his wit, in the course of his evidence at the action brought against the *Saturday Review* by Joseph Pennell, who had been accused of palming as his own lithographs the works of others. Whistler appeared as one of the witnesses for the defence, and by his inimitable

tone and manner, even more than by his witticisms, gave the court a very merry time. The Royal Academy came in for its share of notice, not of the most kindly, to be sure.

A petition signed by twenty Chicago artists asking that the Art Institute create Academicians and Associates, similar to those of the National Academy, from the most worthy of local artists, has been submitted to the President and trustees of that institution by Arthur Dawson, an artist of Chicago. The plan provides that each artist shall present the institute with a representative example of his or her work, to form a nucleus of a collection destined to show the progress of art in Chicago.

Speaking of the display of a pillar labeled "artificial marble" at the recent Architectural League in New York, a writer says it "looks like the mould of the dregs of a housepainter's pail! It would have been far better to have borrowed the Jessup Collection of American marbles from the Museum of Natural History and shown what our natural mineral resources are, than to encourage such an anomalous industry." To which healthy sentiment we say amen as well as encores.

The American artist, E. A. Burbank, who has been painting the portrait of the old Apache Chief, Geronimo, gives an account of some of his experiences among the Indians. While making a landscape sketch a squaw and papoose came behind him, and before long he discovered that his tubes of emerald green and vermilion were missing from his paint-box and their contents decorating the face and nude portions of the body of the papoose.

The question of the mural decorations for the new municipal buildings came before the City Council last week and was voted against on the ground of expense. The undertaking is consequently dropped for the present. It can only be a matter of time, though we hope to have a nearer view of it than Moses did of the promised land.

Preparations are being made for the coming exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which will open next month. Many important pictures which were exhibited in Ottawa have been sent, and a number of canvases finished too late for that will be shown for the first time. Where is the Palette Club all this time!

Among the drawings by McKim, Mead and White shown at the exhibition of the Architectural Club of Chicago, now open, is a plan for the restoration of the rotunda of the University of Virginia, originally designed by Thomas Jefferson.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Two Artists Play a Joke.

ABOUT humor so much has been written that it is superfluous to try to make a new definition. But not much has been said about the manifestation in the life of artists and about their tricks, which are the fruit of humor—nothing more.

How funny was the trick of two artists, who, in their traveling in Switzerland, came to a hotel, which was made from an old castle, and where in a hall were preserved some old portraits with very serious faces. There came a rainy day.

"It's horribly tedious to-day," said one. "It is nothing to be tired, but this weather makes a horrible impression upon me, and those portraits of past centuries look so serious that I am blue."

"You are right, but we must make them more jolly."

Saying that, he takes out his colors and brushes and begins to work; he makes some touches about the mouths of some of the portraits, and the portraits begin to laugh!

In a quarter of an hour both artists, previously gloomy, made all the portraits laugh so foolishly that the artists themselves laughed with all their hearts.

"Go call the proprietor," said one. "We must show him these."

In a few minutes the proprietor came; but, accustomed to the look of the hall, he did not pay any attention to the portraits. After a while one of the artists asked him in which century the building was erected.

"Oh, it is from the time of feudalism, and these portraits—"

"Sir," said he, after a while, in a frightened tone, "it seems to me—or is it an hallucination? Please look! Are not those portraits laughing?" Seriously the artists looked at the portraits.

"Indeed! you are not mistaken. They are laughing, and cordially, too."

The proprietor, frightened, went to call the other people, but the painters rubbed out the fresh colors, and the portraits were serious as before.

The astonishment of the proprietor was greater now; he wanted to show his people the miracle, and the miracle did not exist any longer.

"But you have seen," he said to the painters, "that all the portraits were laughing."

"Yes, and we saw, and can testify to that with a good conscience," was the serious answer of both painters, not showing any sign that they knew what was the cause of such a metamorphosis.

And it was written in the book of the hotel that on such and such a date, in the presence of the proprietor and two witnesses, happened an inexplicable fact, etc., etc.

One of Time's Changes.

N. Y. Truth.

Edith—I hope he didn't make a speech when he proposed to you.

Maud—Why, no; he was so nervous he could hardly speak.

Edith—Poor boy! He's a better lover than when I first knew him!

A Pair of Them.

N. Y. Truth.

Borrowit—Say, Jack, can't you lend me a five?

Hardup—Sorry; I'm busted myself. I just had to borrow a ten.

Borrowit—Well, my eyes! You're a fine kind of hog to refuse after such luck as that!

SUFFERING WOMEN

Troubled with Weaknesses Peculiar to Their Sex.

HOW THEY MAY BE CURED.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Act Upon the Female Organs as Well as Upon the Kidneys—Many a Woman Suffers Needlessly.

Women suffer more than men. From the time a girl-child turns the corner into womanhood she has more troubles than men ever dream of. We look upon women as weak and fragile, but considering what they endure they are stronger by far.

Women suffer many times more than they need to—partly because they don't know what ails them at first; then because they are ashamed to tell a doctor; latterly because they hate to be a continual source of expense to their husbands.

"Female Weaknesses" are what we term the diseases peculiar to the female sex. They are often confounded with female Kidney troubles, and Kidney troubles are often mistaken for other troubles. All those delicate organs are closely connected. What affects one affects the others.

What cures one, cures the others, too. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS which are a sovereign cure for all Kidney ills, act to regulate and control the female organs and to relieve their difficulties. This is worth while for every woman to remember.

Mrs. Lucy Crabbe, Chambers P. O., says: "For years I was a sufferer from weakness peculiar to my sex, combined with kidney trouble from all of which I was completely cured by two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mrs. Elmina Ady, Walkerton, Ont., says: "For a long time I have suffered from a complication of Kidney Trouble and Female Disease; and am glad to say have no pain or ache since using Dodd's Kidney Pills."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS cure Kidney Disease and Female Weakness. Try them. They are on sale at all druggists.

Price 50 cents per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Dodd's Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

She Wanted a Family Tree.

"John," said Mrs. Cressus thoughtfully, "everybody in society seems to think an awful lot of genealogy these days."

"Jennie what?" exclaimed John, looking up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Cressus.

"What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Mrs. Cressus, "but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least, I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to be a sort of fad, you know, and everyone who is anyone has to have one."

"Buy one, then," he said irritably. "Buy the best one in town, and have the bill sent to me; but don't bother me with the details of the affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out; and if it's too big for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and if that ain't big enough, I'll buy the next plot of land in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and, if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

Still she hesitated.

"The fact is, John," she confessed at last, "I don't know just where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep family trees and all such things?"

"What do you suppose I know about it?" he exclaimed. "You're running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with it. If the florist can't tell you anything about it, hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him."

CATARRH

Mrs. Dobell, of London, Ont., Cured for 25 Cents

Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure—Dr Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever—She Says It is a Great Remedy

"Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell," said a comely, pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day. "and I will very gladly tell you what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the druggist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clothe myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh. The blower included is a great help to sufferers."

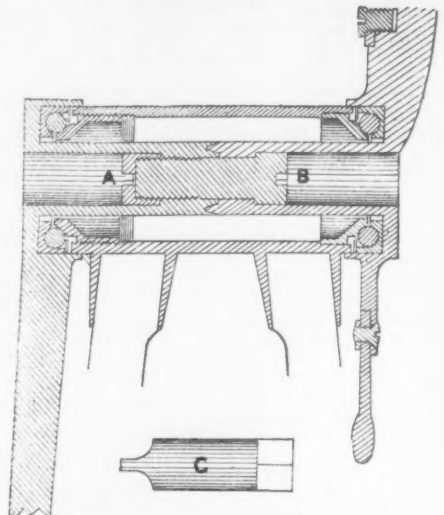
Saved by His Thick Boot Leg.

Last summer an acquaintance of mine was strolling across a wide, grassy upland, or prairie, in America. Here and there lay an old dead tree covered with moss—bright flowers growing out of its fissures along its length—a sad effigy of a human grave. The day was warm and the air vibrant with insect life. Suddenly he felt something strike the leg of his boot—worn with the trousers tucked inside. Turning quickly he saw a rattlesnake recovering its coil, after having struck its fang into his boot leg. The reptile was sunning itself within a foot of the path. The man had not noticed it. It had also sprang its warning rattle. The man had not heard it. The thick leather of his boot leg was all that saved his life. "What a fool of a man to be on a snakey prairie on a hot, snakey day," you say. Yes, he was. But there are a lot more of us. Having

VIKING BICYCLES

HIGHEST GRADE. BEST MATERIAL

The main feature of this wheel is its bottom bracket bearing. The cotter pins are done away with, as the crank, shell for the ball case and half of the hollow axle are forged in one piece. The ball cup is set deep in the shell and a retainer keeps the balls in place when the mechanism is separated. The shell forged with the crank fits closely over the hanger, insuring a dust-proof bearing. The left-hand cone screws into the hanger, the adjusting cone and is locked in place by a small screw which pierces its circumference at one of a series of equidistant holes drilled therein. The right-hand cone is stationary. With the right crank are also forged flanges for the sprocket connections. The hollow axle, of which each crank is an integral part, dovetails together in the center of the hanger in such a way that a connection cannot be made except the cranks are exactly opposite. The right half of the axle is counter-bored about half its distance, to receive the head of a connecting bolt. The bolt fits smoothly, and as the body is smaller than the head it stops at the end of the counter-bore in the axle, giving a hold thereon. The end is threaded to engage the half axle from the other side, and the operation of the bolt draws the two parts together. The bolt is operated with a socket wrench which is inserted in the axle. A cut of the bearing is here given.



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NORSEMAN at = \$60
BELMONT at = 50

The Best Value to be had in Moderate Priced Wheels
Fully Guaranteed and Up to Date

BERTRAM & CO.

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New Fancy Work Book



for 1896. Just out. Gives explicit instructions for embroidering tea cloths, centerpieces and doilies in all the latest and most popular designs, including Rose, Jewel, Delft, Wild Flower and Fruit patterns. It tells you just the shades of silk to use for each design, as well as complete directions for working. Also, rules for knitting Baby's Shirt and Cap and crocheting Baby's Bonnet; 90 pages, over 60 illustrations. Sent to any address for 10c, in stamps. Mention "for 1896 Corticelli Home Needlework."

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ST. JOHNS, P. Q.



New Departure

Special prices will be made on all wheels, ladies or gents', to syndicates of five or more, for the celebrated Monarch wheels. This means a great saving to you. A full line of our 1897 models now on hand, 14 models in all, ranging in price from \$60 to \$150, including tandem.

When you buy a

Monarch

it means that you buy the best wheel in Toronto. We never made a cheap wheel and never have had a complaint.

A few of 1895 and 1896 Wheels left.

6 & 8 Adelaide West
TORONTO

Open Evenings

MR. DICKSON PATTERSON, R.C.A.

... PORTRAIT PAINTER

places his studio open to visitors on Fridays from 3 to 5 p.m.

10 Elmley Place

St. Joseph Street

J. W. L. FORSTER

Has removed his studio to

24 King Street West, Manning Arcade

F. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES

PORTRAITURE

144 Yonge Street

MISS EDITH HEMMING ... Artist

Portraits & Miniatures on Ivory and Porcelain

Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 3746

IVORY MINIATURES

and Water Color Portraits

For Wedding and Christmas presents.

GAGEN & FRASER, Photographers, 79 King St. W.

IMPORTANT!

Folding Sketching Easels, Folding Sketching

Stools, Umbrella Sticks and all the parapher-

nalia which makes out-door sketching easy,

pleasant, successful and profitable.

THE ART METROPOLE (Limited)

The Complete Art Store, 131 Yonge Street, Toronto

E. HARRIS & CO.

44 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

ARTISTS' COLORMEN.

EVERY REQUISITE FOR THE

PROFESSIONAL & AMATEUR ARTIST

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED

BY A. H. HOWARD

53 KING ST. EAST

TORONTO

Literal.
Youth's Companion.
Speak to a German student in good Hochdeutsch, writes a friend of the Companion now studying in Germany, and if he has the slightest knowledge of English he will surely answer you in your own tongue. Apparently he cannot resist the little vanity of showing his accomplishment, though it is done very politely.

At a table of German and English students recently, one pleasant little German was impressive in this respect. Every sentence of his was bound to contain *haye*, and *alretty*; a bit of slang was to him ponderous as the voice of an oracle; and the English *th* was simply impossible. He commented brokenly on the *becket* on the table, and the *gaynose* in M.'s buttonhole.

But the climax was reached in answer to a question put in good German.

"Are you going to the lecture to-night, Herr B.?"

"Ach, no!" with a wave of his hand, "ze ghost is retty, but ze meat is feeble."

Then the quiet man straightened out our wrinkled brows by suggesting that possibly he meant, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

J. & G. STEWART'S
(EDINBURGH)
OLD VATTED
SCOTCH WHISKY
THE BEST IN THE WORLD
ASK FOR IT

From **EASTER** to July 30

A term of fifteen weeks may be profitably spent at the

Central Business College
of Toronto

Plenty of time to acquire a good practical knowledge of Bookkeeping and other Commercial subjects.
Ample time to get up Stenography and Typewriting for a good commercial position.
A special class from July 3 to July 30 for Teachers.

Get particulars. Address
W. H. SHAW, Principal,
Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

Easter Lilies
A grand display of well grown plants.
Prices from 30c. upwards.

Palms and other plants for Easter decorations.

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Ltd.

132 and 134 King St. East—Tel. 1982

Spring Weddings AND **Invitations and Announcements**
Engraved in the Latest Style.
Write for prices and samples.

DONALD BAIN & CO., Fine Stationers
25 JORDAN STREET

ALL ABOUT PNEUMATIC TIRES!

Send for our catalogue, you'll find it full of splendid "tire wisdom" which may give you some pointers.

Send now. It is sure to interest you.

American Dunlop Tire Co.
TORONTO
Mention this paper.

Hothouse

Tomatoes
Mushrooms
Rhubarb
Lettuce
Cress (GARDEN and WATER)
Green Onions
Choice Celery

R. BARRON

726 & 728 Yonge St.

Branch Store - 201 Wellesley St.

This Season's Design of . . .

SUIT CASE.

with double lock catch will more than ever make it the popular traveling case.



MADE BY . . .

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.

Tel. 233

105 King Street West Toronto

We have the largest and most extensive stock of Fine Traveling and Leather Goods in Canada. Send for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue.

DINEENS'

81 YONGE ST.

SILK : HATS



FOR . . .

EASTER . . . ON SALE SATURDAY

10 cases newest shape Silk Hats.

Christy's English Styles \$5.00

Beautiful Quality and Best Value we ever had at

Latest American Styles at Same Price.

Open till 10 Saturday Nights.

W. & D. DINEEN

SAFFORD
QUEEN-OF-RADIATORS



COMBINES IN CONSTRUCTION EVERY GOOD POINT
NO BOLTS, NO PACKING WILL LAST FOREVER
THE LATEST INVENTION 225 SIZES, 20 PATTERNS
THE TORONTO RADIATOR MFG CO LTD
TORONTO - ONT.



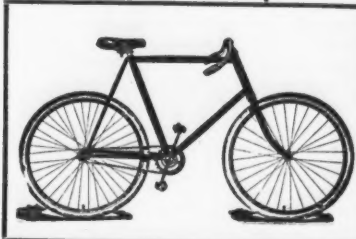
"Record" Cyclometer

We're Canadian agents for this meter.

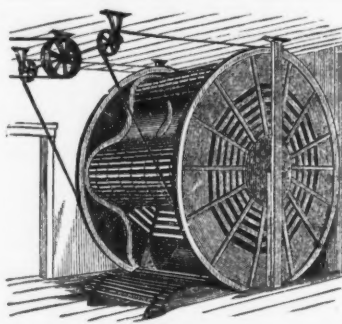
It keeps trip records up to 100 miles and will repeat. Permanent record goes to 10,000 miles and repeat.

It can be easily read from the saddle.

Perfect Garden City Dominion



WELLAND VALE MAN'FG CO., Ltd.



This illustration shows the new method introduced by us for cleaning carpets and renovating feathers and mattresses.

Telephone us, No. 2686, and your carpets will be promptly taken up, cleaned and relaid without any annoyance or delays.

We make over and store carpets, etc., in moth-proof room if desired. New carpets cut, sewed and laid.

TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO.

44 LOMBARD STREET

PEIFFER & HOUGH, Proprietors.

Telephone 2646 J. T. HOUGH, Manager

"For Baby's Sake."
BABY'S OWN TABLETS...

A favorite prescription of a regular practitioner, who has had a long and successful experience in the treatment of diseases peculiar to infancy and childhood.
Baby's Own Tablets regulate the bowels, check diarrhoea, reduce fever, expel worms, relieve while teething, cure colic, produce sleep. They are easy to take, put up in a candy form, children just love them. Free sample and paper doll for baby's name.

Use . . .
BABY'S OWN POWDER.
The Dr. Howard Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

WARD—April 10, Mrs. Thomas Ward—a son.
LANGFORD—April 12, Mrs. Henry Langford—a daughter.

MILLER—April 9, Mrs. W. Lash Miller—a daughter.
YOUNG—April 11, Mrs. Wm. Young—a son.
ARNETT—April 11, Mrs. E. L. Arnett—a daughter.
FOSTER—April 11, Mrs. F. C. Foster—a daughter.
SULLY—April 5, Mrs. J. Harrison Sully—a daughter.
HOLLYER—April 7, Mrs. A. J. Hollyer—a daughter.
HUDSON—April 4, Mr. F. W. Hudson—a daughter.
MACDONELL—April 8, Mrs. A. McL. Macdonell—a daughter.

FRYER—Gait, April 12, Mrs. J. H. Fryer—a son.

DOBIE—April 4, Mrs. D. A. Dobie—a daughter.

Marriages.

PALMER—SNYDER—April 7, Elgin B. Palmer to Annie Snyder.

WINNETT—MORISON—April 13, Dr. Frederick Winnett to Edith Morison.

FORBES—SMELLIE—March 29, Robt. John Forbes to Beatrice Smellie.

Deaths.

WARREN—April 9, Lillian Graham Warren.

POLSON—April 11, Martha Jane Polson.

RICHARDSON—April 11, Edwin Richardson, aged 33.

PEIRY—April 10, Alice D. Peiry, aged 31.

GUNN—April 8, Margaret Gunn, aged 73.

HARVEY—April 11, Mary Harvey, aged 27.

ADAMS—April 14, H. J. Adams, aged 68.

CLARKSON—April 13, Ben. R. Clarkson, aged 54.

O'HARA—April 14, Ella O'Hara.

KIRK—April 7, Robert Kirk, aged 71.

MILLIGAN—April 13, Wm. Milligan, aged 63.

FUNERAL NOTICE

The PROPER furnishing and conducting of FUNERALS at a cost that does not make them a burden an ART with us.

W. H. STONE

YONGE 343 STREET

Telephone 932

DIPHTHERIA—SCARLET FEVER
Public Schools Closed by
SPOONER'S PHENYLE
DISINFECTANT

Used every week prevents this kind of thing. Cheap. Druggists all sell it.



GALOPS CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Iroquois Section of the Galops Canal," will be received at this office until 16 o'clock on Saturday the 17th day of April, 1897, for the works connected with the enlargement of the Galops Canal.

Plans and specifications of the work can be seen on and after the 31st day of March, 1897, at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's office at Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can also be obtained at the places mentioned.

It is the case of firms there must be attached to the tender the actual signature of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for \$100,000 must accompany the tender. This accepted bank cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted bank cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Contractors are specially notified that the condition requiring the works to be wholly completed by the 31st day of January, A.D. 1899, will be rigidly enforced and all penalties for delay exacted.

By order,
J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 26th March, 1897.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.



GALOPS CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

EXTENSION OF TIME

THE time for receiving Tenders for the Iroquois Section of the Galops Canal has been extended until Friday, the 30th day of April, 1897.

An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$50,000 must accompany each tender, instead of \$100,000 as originally called for.

By order,
J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 12th April, 1897.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.



GALOPS CANAL

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

EXTENSION OF TIME

THE TIME for receiving Tenders for the Cardinal Section of the Galops Canal has been extended until Saturday, the 24th day of April, 1897.

An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$75,000 must accompany the Tender, instead of \$100,000 as originally called for.

By order,
J. H. BALDERSON, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 18th April, 1897.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Easter Rates

Round Trip Tickets will be issued as follows:

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

(On surrender of standard form of school vacation railway certificate signed by principal)

Single First Class Fare and One-Third

Good going March 27th to April 17th, inclusive. Return until April 27th, '97.

GENERAL PUBLIC

Single First-Class Fare

Good going April 15th to 19th, inclusive. Return until April 20th, '97.

To all stations in Canada, Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East.